THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

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WHAT SHALL WE READ?*

We are told, on the authority of men whom it would not be intelligent to disregard, that the greater number of our bodily ills are due to the nature of the food we consume. The result of personal observation, each individual in his own case, establishes, we think, the truth of the presumption.

Assuming such to be the case, and reasoning from analogy, may we not, with full show of justice, in logic and truth say that a great number of the evils complained of in society arise from the mental food presented us in the literature of the day? We must not, in justice to ourselves, hide from our view the fact that we are living in an age when all read. With some the habit has been so formed that a comfortable breakfast will lose its flavor unless the warm toast in the one hand be supplemented by the morning journal in the other. Knowing, as we all do, that books and papers are only published because read, we may argue from the number of such books and papers issued how great must be the demand for them. Let it then be admitted that our people read, and this much allowed, let the question next be asked: What is read? While much might be said in deprecation of those publishers who pander to the vitiated tastes of a deluded public, it will be much more to the purpose that we should point out, How we shall read; What we shall read; How shall we obtain those works which we are told we must read?

To the question, how we shall read, the answer is not so easily given as we might be at first led to suppose. Several things are to be taken into consideration. Our tastes, against which it would not be wise to act in opposition unless they be depraved; our present ability, which we cannot easily determine ourselves; and, finally, the means at our command, either in our individual power of supplying what we feel to be our requirements in

* After this article had been given to the press, we saw the announcement that Rt. Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston, was to lecture before the Xavier Union of New York. We have since endeavored to obtain a copy of the lecture though unsuccessfully, and regret not being able to quote in detail from the learned prelate's discourse.

the case, or the particular locality or position in which we may be placed, rendering it more or less difficult to supply what we feel to be our wants.

There are, however, certain general directions which will answer for all young men seeking to become "well read" without, at the same time, becoming too much exposed in the search after knowledge.

We may say that there are certain general topics of the hour, certain questions which appear to be in every one's mouth, and on which it would be culpable to remain ignorant. We must then become acquainted with the general phases of these public questions, through such publications as we can learn, from the superior wisdom of those about us, deserve confidence. Thus, we have the public school question, upon which catholics need information, and we regret to say that on this point there is a sad lack of reliable argument. Without any disparagement of the articles written upon the subject, we are free to say that a "solution" of the difficulty yet remains to be given. It is not by abusing those who hold the reins of power that we can obtain our rights. Before any good can come out of the discussion of the public school question, all parties concerned in the discussion must realize the fact that, in a country like ours, many allowances must be made, not for any misconstruction of principles, but for the way in which the admitted principle may be applied. In this connection we may mention Father Müller's latest work, "Public School Education." Thankful, as we in common with many others feel for the vigorous and manly position he has taken in his manner of treating the subject, we are unwilling to say that he has handled the question impartially. While it is true that to a very great degree the system pursued in the public schools is responsible for much of the present evils in society, it is equally true to say that these evils arise from the ignorance of the hundreds of thousands who attend no schools, and still more from the evil influence of men of talent from abroad, who having left their native lands to save themselves from the punishment due to their supposed or real designs, come to us, and with full liberty carry out their dangerous policy and practices. Once for all let us conclude that the fire-eating style in which this and kindred subjects are treated will do no good, and only creates ill-feeling, thus rendering a solution of the problem more distant than ever. It is not by calling your opponent an ass, as we have seen the expression used more than once, that you can make him believe you are a philosopher. Abuse in this style may show a very active brain, but betrays an equally shallow power of argument. Abuse repels, while mutual consideration tends to unite.

Better prove to our opponents that we give in our catholic schools a thorough, practical course of instruction, for within very few years the better sense of the American people will put this question in its simplest form, which is this: How can the State be best benefited at least figures? Here, if our catholic schools be up to the mark, a favorable adjustment of the question is almost certain to follow. Nothing so soon loses favor with man or men as a hobby once it has parted with its charm. Well, the American Protestant public has had public schools as a hobby for years, but indications are not wanting which show that this hobby is losing its hold on the public affection. Meanwhile, let catholics be patient and wise. Where we have not monastic teachers who can give their services at a mere nominal price, let us pay our lay or secular

teachers something like a respectable salary for their onerous services. If required, let us have one hired vocalist less in our paid choirs, or even, shall we say it, fewer vessels of gold and silver, or grand churches "raising their cross-topped spires to heaven," and let us build up our schools and colleges if none exist, or liberally patronize those which may be now struggling for a permanent foothold. Thus we cannot fail to attract the notice of the people at large, and also of the great lever of intellectual power in this country, the press.

Let it be borne constantly in mind that nothing tends more to demoralize any body, religious or secular, than too great control of large sums of money, of which discretionary use is allowed, and where direct responsibility to some higher power is not attainable. Here is the stumbling-block towards which the public school system is drifting, and against which it must inevitably strike. Mere building of grand schoolhouses, and placing therein all manner of device and ornament, will not continually satisfy the people.

Few bodies did more apparently than the late "Ring" in New York for the amusement and pleasure of the city. But they did this at so exorbitant a figure that the people finally asked if there was not something rotten in the concern. A few weeks sufficed to revolutionize the city. So must it be throughout the land before long with our public schools. They cost too much, and Protestant and Infidel will in common with Catholic soon ask: Are we getting anything like value for the immense sums we are paying for the instruction of our children?

By attacking the public school system as so many do, friends are raised up for the rapidly decaying body, which, after awhile, must fall away through the causes we have mentioned.

Leaving this first question, upon which so little satisfaction can be obtained, let us take the equally prominent topics of the alleged power of the Pope over subjects of foreign governments; the infallibility of the Pope; is the Church opposed to progress; secret societies, &c., &c. On all these points we have no lack of information of such nature as to be within the range of every student. Without leaving our own shores we can find in the lectures of Father Preston much to enlighten us on the question of the power of the Pope; in the pastoral on infallibility, issued by the late Archbishop Spalding, we have, if not a complete, at least a general statement of the case. Any one who wishes to obtain more than a general statement of the case on any of these subjects must become exclusive and not diffusive in his reading.

In Father Tom Burke's lectures we will find much said in a familiar way, going to prove the Church the mother, and not the opponent of progress. Those who would learn more must read the "Genius of Christianity" by Chateaubriand, the defence of the church by Cortes, and the Lectures of Cardinal Wiseman; likewise the "Conferences on the Church" by Lacordaire, though these last are rather profound for those who have not read considerably beforehand, and who have not accustomed themselves to follow out arguments strictly scientific and rigid in their application. On secret societies, perhaps the shortest and therefore the best work for general readers would be "Freemasonry" as shown by Mgr. Segur in his pithy and spirited work on that subject, translated for and published by Donahoe, of Boston.

Some may live in a locality where frequent discussions arise, and where sound argument would be of

great service. To such we know of nothing better that can be recommended than Burnett's admirable work, "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer into the Catholic Church." For our own part, of the many books we have read on controversial subjects, we know of none which we prefer to "The Path." And there is this much to be said in favor of this book, that being written by a learned member of the bar there is a terseness of style, and a business-like way of handling questions, apparently the most knotty, which will not often be found, even in the works of men more learned in theology, but less gifted than our legal friend in the science of saying much in few words.

Whoever wishes to know his own side of any question thoroughly, must devote a conscientious and intelligent application to the study of the opposite view of the case. While we cannot agree with the modern writer who says that "to believe any doctrine thoroughly, we must first have doubted it," we can still say that, to a certain extent, we will never know completely what we believe till we shall have learned what those who differ from us disbelieve.

We do not mean that we must read works which are heretical, but we should take up such works as give a fair statement of both sides of the question. Lacordaire in his Conferences, delights us all the more by the splendor of his thoughts, because he is not only able to defend his own side of the question, but states with the greatest force the position of his adversary. We should seek for both sides of the question, not for the purpose of *strengthening* our faith, which should be *confirmed* before we undertake such readings, but simply that we may, according to the advice of the sacred text, be able to render testimony to the faith which is in us.

While young men should first learn their religion in doctrinal points satisfactorily, they should afterwards study to a certain extent the views of intelligent opponents on historical questions where the prejudice of nationality or creed may induce writers to favor their own side of the question. Let it be borne in mind we are speaking to readers of a higher intellectual standing. Thus, take the life of Luther. To believe many catholic writers, he was a man of little means, intellectually considered; he was also a man who acted madly, without preconcerted views, &c. Now, the more intelligent of those who have written about the apostate monk admit him to have been a man of most extraordinary character, gifted intellectually as few of his time had been. In strict justice, we could say no less for him. Undoubtedly he was a great scamp, morally speaking, if we can believe his "Table Talk;" but it is no less true to say that he became so bad and did so much mischief only because he had so powerful a mind. The author of "The Maxims" tells us, with a great deal of truth, that no man ever became truly great who had not within him the power to become really wicked. We quote from memory, and cannot vouch for the verbal accuracy of the text, though we are certain of the meaning the author intended to convey. We do not claim for Luther any great power of logic, though even more learned men than Luther, once they have lost the grace of God, might be overcome by a less powerful opponent than "the father of lies." Human nature is the same everywhere. Those of a party can scarcely be expected to observe strict impartiality. While no one will deny that Archbishop Spalding, for instance, has written a very fine history of the Reformation, we doubt if any unprejudiced

judge will claim strict impartiality even for so honorable and upright a gentleman as the late Primate of the Catholic Church in America. Now, selected readings on such subjects, taken from authors of various shades of opinion, will tend to bring such a statement of the case before us as to enable us, by the aid of our judgment, to form a tolerably correct opinion of the general merits of the question. Bacon says, "Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." This is well exemplified in the case of two attorneys-at-law. The character of a certain individual has unfortunately been questioned, and the courts are called upon to decide. The prosecution, if believed, has this unfortunate being as "out of the infernal regions, only because there is no place low enough for him in those dungeons;" while the defence holds that "immaculate as are the stars, unsullied as the falling snow is the man whose sentence hangs in the balance of the law." The truth is, that an intelligent juror will take both statements of the case with a great many grains of allowance, and he will judge for himself, *from the facts* he has culled in the evidence given, how far he is to pronounce the prisoner at the bar innocent or guilty.

Every intelligent man to-day must be a juror, where history is concerned. He can no more pronounce on the merits of any question by the reading of one author, than could the jury that, after having heard one man's story, would fall complacently into a gentle slumber, from which they would only awake to say "we are agreed." In serial literature the case is precisely the same. However editors may talk, and interested publishers proclaim, we must read other serials than our own if we wish to get at the bottom of things. We admit the danger to be found in such reading, and it will be fortunate if the young reader have a mentor who will point out what is to be read; this is precisely what we ask for, in the name of the young catholics of the country.

In the line of newspaper reading the same holds good. No intelligent catholic is going to swallow everything that this editor or that may proclaim, even though he has secured, by means best known to himself, highsounding recommendations from one source or another. We believe that the man who reads the *Catholic Review*, the *Boston Pilot*, and such papers, will be well posted on catholic questions from a catholic standpoint, and we frankly say that we scarcely think he can become acquainted with the running topics of the religious world with less. If he desires to enter such questions deeper, let him consult the *Catholic World* and the CATHOLIC RECORD; in the former he will find exhaustive articles on these subjects, while in the latter he will find such as may be all the more acceptable because treated in a popular style.

If, as we suggest, for a full view of these questions the Protestant aspect be desired, then *The Week* may perhaps be recommended because it only gives the views of each subject from various Protestant standpoints. We know that many will object to this, but we are not responsible for such opposition, and can only request such persons to make known their views for the benefit of catholic readers, ourselves included.

Before going from the domain of catholic papers and magazines, and those non-catholic which should be read, a word may also be said on a work which, whatever may be thought of its theological views, if any ever appear in its pages, certainly deserves well of

the country, since the *Baltimore Mirror* says: "While perusing its pages we have often been struck with the sterling qualities of this periodical, which is an honor to our literature and a monument to our national reputation. The view is from the Protestant standpoint, and yet it is in almost every particular just and true, though entirely different from that usually taken by Protestant writers."

To this we append the view of the *Philadelphia Catholic Universe* of olden times, which declared: "His review contains intellect as fine as can be found, and candor as unrestricted by prejudiced limits as the Church itself can require. Certainly the Catholics, especially the Irish Catholics, should support a publication which is thus distinguished."

Says the *Catholic Standard* of April 20th, 1872: "This is a non-catholic review; but its spirit is liberal, not in the technical, but in the better sense of the term. . . . The articles are all of them interesting, and some of them able. . . . The article on Archbishop Spalding contains a just and eloquent acknowledgment of the obligations of science, art, and literature to the Catholic Church. His eulogium of Bishop Spalding is evidently the sincere testimonial of a friend. We do not think it praises our venerable deceased prelate too highly, but its estimate of him is different from our own."

For thorough treatment of men and their doings the *National Quarterly* has gained considerable reputation, while its articles on general topics of science deserve the highest commendation; and, among all the noble protests and manly statements of "Why the Jesuits are expelled," there is not one which we would put before the article bearing this title in a late number of the *National Quarterly*, treating of the persecution of the Jesuits in Germany at the present day.

Should Dr. Brownson, as has been announced, continue the publication of his celebrated review, we think that with this serial added to those already mentioned, any young man's "moving library" will be well supplied. We have designedly omitted such magazines as deal only in light stories and sketches. This class of information can be obtained from the works which are noticed in the Book Tables of the various journals and reviews above mentioned.

But we will be told many, the greater number of young men, have not received an education suiting them to the reading of books such as we have mentioned. This is true to a certain degree, and we must as a consequence do something for this class of intelligences also. These must be reached by an entirely different style of works. To such we would say, read the current numbers of leading catholic magazines, in which will be found tales bearing an excellent moral, and which cannot fail to instruct while they interest. Thus, apart from the scientific or religious articles in the *Catholic World*, may be found in the same serial stories which are so good that Protestant publishers deem them worthy of patronage and encouragement. We need only mention the latest story, "Fleurange," which, while published by the Catholic Publication Society of New York, is likewise announced in the monthly bulletin of Messrs. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia.

In following the book notices in catholic journals, young men may also find announcements of stories which may be recommended. Under this head we might almost include the celebrated Doctor Veith's works, lately published by Donahoe. There is such a multiplicity of anecdote and legend, especially in

his works on the passion and the instruments thereof, that to many the whole will read like a story charmingly told. There are many excellent religious novels written in the French language, which might with great advantage be translated, and which could not fail to meet with large sale. All we want is a little more enterprise on the part of publishers and those who study the condition of the book market for them.

We must admit that we are very poor yet in works of fiction. Very few young writers of note have made their appearance so far, and we think the systems pursued in our colleges are partly to be blamed for the deficiency.

There are a few honorable exceptions among the ladies, but we think that a brilliant catholic novelist among American catholic students has yet to be heard from. And it is not to want of talent among our young men for such writing that the difficulty is to be attributed. We know of some young catholics who do credit to the papers for which they write, by the spirited and acceptable stories they prepare for them. There is, we admit, no religious spirit in the stories, but we are equally free to admit, from a personal acquaintance with some of these writers, that this absence of religious element is owing, not to the nature of the source from whence the stories come, but from the destination to which they go. The young writers, if encouraged by catholic serials and magazines, would only be too happy to write, not only in a way to please, but also to edify. Up to the present time there has been a lack of patronage extended to catholic literature in general. We know of nothing more beneficial to religion, which could be done by some rich catholic, than the establishment of prizes for the best serial stories, to be written with a good moral, and a chastening influence. There is no lack of talent, believe it; encouragement from catholic quarters is all that is required.

Whatever difference of opinion may be tolerated, there is one point on which we must be agreed, and this is, that young catholics need more reading matter prepared for them than is now to be had. We do not know of a single catholic magazine, save perhaps the one in which we write, that can claim anything like a respectable circulation. We except the *Catholic World*, which we presume has an extended list of subscribers.

Shall we then admit that catholics must resort to a literature not prepared for them for the gratification of their laudable desire for light reading? The answer must be partly against us, and still we can say with much truth that never in any year have catholic editors done more to supply the demand of catholics than during the year just closed. In every direction we have evidence of a great revival among catholic periodicals. Notably have the *Catholic Standard* and the *Catholic Herald* of Philadelphia, the *Pilot* of Boston, the *Catholic Review* of New York, the *Guardian* of San Francisco, and a few others, been among the well-doers. There are others doing well, but their usefulness does not seem on the increase.

We have referred only to such works as can be obtained in the English language. Those able to read the French, Spanish, and German, need not be at any loss for reading matter for their leisure hours. To such as possess the incalculable advantage of knowing any of these languages, especially the French, hundreds of works might be mentioned, which, for years to come, must remain sealed books to their less fortunate companions.

A suggestion has been lately

made by the *Catholic Review*, that a series of handbooks on catholic topics should be issued. We sincerely trust that the hint may be carried into practical effect. Nowadays we have not time to pore through ponderous volumes in search of facts. The demands of the hour are too numerous. If we are to become instructed on these points it must be through concise and brief works, which will state the question, give authorities, reason upon these in few words, and then leave us to form our conclusions.

Among the hierarchy in France particularly this view of the case is well understood, and scarcely an important topic has been left untouched by these prelates personally. Thus we freely confess that we have never derived greater pleasure from the perusal of any modern work than from the reading of Mgr. Parisis's celebrated work *Cas de Conscience* (Cases of Conscience), in which the learned prelate treats exhaustively, though tersely, of such important topics as the following: "Can a good Catholic indorse the present freedom of the press?" "Can Catholics approve of universal toleration, since this gives the same rights to falsehood as to truth?" &c. In like manner has Mgr. Dupanloup in his various works, and notably in his treatise, in several volumes, on Education, touched upon the most vital topic of the day in a manner which does him credit, and cannot fail to afford infinite delight to the intelligent student. Then we have the popular works of Mgr. de Segur, the man of whom the Curé of Ars said, "He is blind, but he sees well." We have not mentioned the beautiful works of Fenelon, Macé, de la Mothe, Gaume, Richie, Poujalout, d'Arsac, and a host of others familiar to us, and to all those acquainted with the literature of *la belle France*. Let us hope that the day is not distant when we shall have many of these works translated into the language in which they would effect most good. If catholic enterprise will only give catholic intellect the right kind of reading matter at the right time there will be no lack of patronage; but let it be remembered that while the forbidden fruit of infidel or merely secular literature is rendered so attractive, it can scarcely be expected that ordinary catholic intellects will be able to appreciate the unseen, and to despise that which seems so worthy of attention.

It has often been a matter of surprise to us that no friend of the cause has prepared a list of works suited to a secular gentleman's library. If you will, we have several lists of books "suitable for libraries," but we have never met in the course of our English readings what might even be called practicable suggestions on the subject. Where any "family libraries," as they are called, are mentioned, it is evident to us at least that the publishers seek to recommend not what we need, so much as what they have. There must be a higher motive than mere formal gain in so urgent and important a matter, and we call upon some one better prepared than ourselves to give us lists of works suited to the various departments of life. A farmer will not need the same class, or all of the same, as the mechanic; the latter will need something different from the accountant; and these differences must be allowed for. We have before us the work of Mgr. Dupanloup, on *Higher Intellectual Education*. In this we find several such lists of books suitable for "libraries at home." Though much modification would be required in the choice of the works themselves, many of those given by the learned prelate being printed only in French, still the general arrangement would hold good.

We are so much pleased with the arrangement given that we could not forgive ourselves did we not at least present the headings of a few of the chapters.

Library of choice literature for a secular gentleman.—Epic poets, dramatic poets, lyric poets, didactic poets, satirists, fabulists, orators, critical works, philosophy, history, —Ancient Roman and Grecian, France, &c.; the author going through the entire field of literary work, and giving us a collection from which we can select just what will suit us.

The good to be done by the preparation of such a catalogue for the catholic young men and women of America can more easily be imagined than expressed. Even the knowledge which may be borrowed from such excellent treatises would be among the best means of adding interest to the articles which, in so much greater numbers, would be prepared by our young men for the press of the country.

Let the trial be made, and the word failure need not even be dreamt of. There are too many only too anxious to be shown the well of knowledge, and who would willingly bend, and drink deeply from the charmed waters.

While so much is being done by catholic generosity for the relief of destitution in its physical forms, would there be any less charity in the act of supplying the equally positive need all have of intellectual food of a lighter nature. Among the duties of the rich we know of none which we would class before the obligation under which the present age places them, of contributing to their fullest extent towards the encouraging of catholic talent in the domains of every-day literature.

Is it any less charity to preserve the fruits of a catholic education by the means we suggest than to procure such Christian intellectual education, and when only half completed, as it must be in school, allow these fruits to perish for want of proper after-culture.

To resume then, let us say to the first question, "How we shall read:" Consult some one wiser than yourself, your pastor or some enlightened friend; follow his dictation in your reading. 2. Besides the current catholic literature which all should read, have certain authors whose views you will make it a study to thoroughly master. 3. Encourage as far as your means will permit, the new issues of books from the catholic press, and remember that the bread of instruction is no less necessary for the mind than the material bread is for the body. Such should be our resolves at the opening of the new year, and such, if carried out, cannot fail to enlarge, improve, and elevate what in the future we shall read.

OUR LADY OF VICTORIES.

Hail, thou good and gracious Mother,
Pride of Adam's fallen race;
Glory of the hosts of heaven,
Purest Virgin, full of grace.
Sweeter than the sweetest honey,
Moon unclouded, star most bright,
Rose amid a desert blooming,
Lowly violet, Lily white.

From that Light whose wond'rous glory
Thrills the city of the blest;
Thou, the Church's cry of battle,
Pledge of victory and rest.
When the heart is sorely troubled,
Thou art solace, thou release;
When the war within us rages,
Thou art succor, thou art peace.

Come to help us, Queen of triumphs,
All the foes of God destroy;
Soothe the terrors of thy children,
Morning star of all our joy!
Hasten, Mary, haste to help us,
Lift the buckler, draw the sword;
Swift shall heresy fall quailing
'Fore the armies of the Lord.

Schism, too, shall then be conquered,
Jews and Turks forget their hate.
When thou leadest forth our forces,
Warrior Immaculate!
Foes are hemming in our Sion,
Hell is arming for the fray;
Help, O help us, Tower of David,
Ark of God, the Church's stay.

Wit and humor, guess of science,
Join to quench the Christian creed;
Vain their efforts, while thy prowess
Helps us in the day of need.
They may tell us all is doubtful,
Nothing sure save things of sense;
Vain their efforts, we will never
Lose in thee our confidence.

They may try the rack and fagot
As they did in days of yore;
They may persecute and slander
As they often did before;
They may threaten fine and exile,—
Ours the profit, theirs the loss;
Thou hast taught us, Queen of Martyrs,
Victory beneath the cross.

ROSE LEBLANC

Chapter IV.

Henri Lacaze stood leaning against the cart which had brought Rose to Pau, with a pipe in his mouth, and his eyes fixed upon the stall where she was attending to her business. He watched every look, every gesture of the young girl, who was growing restless and fidgety under his pertinacious gaze. She could not raise her eyes without meeting his; and if she tried to move away, or turn her back upon him, she still felt that she was observed, and could not escape the oppressive sense of that intolerable surveillance.

When the clock struck twelve a nervous shiver ran through her frame; her glance wandered over the place with an anxious expression, as group after group assembled about the door of the Préfecture. Suddenly she discovered André, who was smiling to her as he hurried across the empty space between the market and the official building. Her cheeks, and even her forehead, became scarlet; and though she tried to smile in return, her quivering lips refused to do so. At last Henri also left his post against the cart, and walked up to the Préfecture. The two young men went in almost at the same time. Rose leant upon her elbow, staring at the windows of the council-room, her hand in her pocket fingering her beads with a feverish rapidity, each minute appearing to her longer than an hour. Jules Bertrand came up to her at that moment. "I say, Mdlle. Rose," he whispered, in her ear, "I am going to make my way into the balloting-room. I can slip through the gendarme's legs, or climb up to the window; but my name is not Jules Bertrand if I do not bring you the first news of what is going on there;" and before Rose had time to answer he was off, and she saw him grinning at her from one of the windows on the staircase.

Just then a carriage was stopping at the corner of the Grande Rue, and two travellers, an elderly gentleman, and a tall, fair young lady, got out and walked into the Place du Marché. The latter was not only young and fair, but very tall and distinguished-looking. It was impossible to see more beautiful features or a more graceful figure. Her hazel eyes were shaded with dark eyelashes, and formed a striking contrast with the extreme fairness of her hair and skin. The faint pink color in her cheek was so delicate in its hue that it hardly would have shown on a less dazzlingly white complexion. The loungers on the Place, and even the working people, turned round to look at the strangers who went on foot to visit the church of St. Jacques. On their way back, as they were passing Rose's stall, the young lady said in a low voice to her elderly companion, "Oh, do look, grandpapa, at that lovely little fruit seller. Do let us stop and buy some peaches." The old man smiled and gave his purse into her hands. She stopped and bent over the counter towards Rose, who asked in an absent manner, "How many do you wish for, Mademoiselle?" for her eyes and her thoughts were continually straying towards the Préfecture.

"A dozen, if you please, Mademoiselle, in that little basket lined with moss. How pretty your baskets are! Do look, grandpapa."

As she was lifting up the *corbeille* to exhibit it to her grandfather, Jules ran breathless across

the Place, and rushed to the side of the counter where Rose was standing. "It's all over with us," he whispered to her, and looking up at the same moment she saw André coming out of the entrance gate.

"He makes the sign of the cross," she exclaimed, and covered her face with her hands. But looking up an instant afterwards, she perceived Henri standing opposite to her, pale, motionless, with one hand on his hip and the other thrust into his waistcoat. He did not stir, but kept his eyes riveted upon her with a fixedness which struck terror into her heart. She trembled under his gaze.

"Can you give me change for this napoleon?" asked the young lady, totally unconscious of the scene that was enacted before her eyes.

Rose took the napoleon mechanically. She was dreadfully frightened at the expression of Henri's face, and felt afraid of speaking lest she should cry; for at that moment André was approaching. She quite lost her head. In Henri's hand, within his breast-coat pocket, she thought she saw the handle of a knife. Her blood ran cold, and she shuddered.

"Rose, Rose," said André, in an agitated manner as he bent towards her, "it is all over. I have drawn a bad number."

"What do I care? It is nothing to me," ejaculated Rose, who was trembling in all her limbs, and scarcely knew what she was saying.

André turned as red as scarlet, and the next moment very pale. His lips quivered, and he said with deep emotion, "My mother will care. My mother will break her heart, and there will be no one to comfort her."

The lady, who was standing next to him, heard that anguished exclamation, and, in a voice and with a tone which thrilled on the young man's ear as if it had been a whisper from Heaven, she said, "God will comfort her."

He raised his eyes, and saw that sweet, holy, gentle face turned towards him like that of a pitying angel. He felt astonished, soothed, bewildered; murmured a few unintelligible words, and disappeared amongst the crowd.

"Come, my dear Alice," said the elderly gentleman to his granddaughter, "settle your account, and come away." He had not paid any attention to the scene which had been going on under his eyes during the last few minutes.

Rose was not thinking of the napoleon, which she still held in her hand. Jules whispered to her, "They are waiting for the change." She started like a person waking from a dream, counted out the money, and handed it to the young lady with some hurried apologies. It was received with a smile and a gracious acknowledgment.

"Good-bye, Mademoiselle," said Rose. "I hope we may see you here again. Jules, my boy, that basket is too heavy for the lady to carry. Please to take it to her carriage." There was no need of urging Jules to this little act of civility. His natural turn for gallantry, joined to the stimulus of curiosity, made him abundantly anxious to offer his services to the travellers. He joyfully seized on the basket, which Alice would not allow her grandfather to carry.

"Can you tell us, my boy," asked the old gentleman, "which is the way to the Ursuline Convent?"

"Certainly, sir. I will show it you myself. It is a very fine building, one of the largest in the town. It is there that Mademoiselle Rose went to school."

"Mdlle. Rose?" repeated Alice. "Is that the name of the pretty fruit-seller from whom we bought these peaches?"

"Just so, Mademoiselle. She is the flower of the market-place, Mdlle. Rose. The prettiest girl in the neighborhood. There are not two opinions on that point: and how the men do pay court to her, to be sure! It is a feather in a young man's cap if he can get her to accept a nosegay or to dance with him; and as to suitors, why she has as many as there are days in the year."

"Who was that young man who spoke to her just now, when we were buying the fruit? He looked very much agitated. Is he one of her admirers?"

"Oh, that is M. André Vidal, M. Baptiste's brother. He has drawn a bad number."

Alice gently pressed her grandfather's arm.

"Do they live at Pau, those brothers you speak of?"

"No, sir. They have a cottage, a sort of little farm on the other side of the river. People say they are gentlefolks, but not a bit the richer for it. Poor as beggars and proud as peacocks, as the saying is. But M. André is a very gentleman-like young man, and talks like a book. M. le Curé says he is vastly well informed."

"It certainly struck me," Alice whispered to her grandfather, "that there was something particularly refined and even distinguished in this young man's countenance and way of speaking."

"Child, child," answered the old man with a smile, "your fancy is already at work, I see."

"This is the Ursuline Convent," said Jules, pointing out the door of the old monastic building which was next to the church. "Your calèche is standing at the end of the street. Shall I leave the basket with the coachman?"

As Alice nodded assent he was hastening away.

"Stop a minute, my boy," called the old gentleman, who was searching his pockets for a twenty sous piece. Madame Bertrand's nephew did not consider it suitable to his dignity or his social position to receive a pecuniary remuneration for his trouble; so gracefully waving his hand, he bowed, and disappeared round the corner of the street. The coachman whom he went in search of was not in the best of humors. He glanced superciliously at the peaches, and when Jules informed him that his master and the young lady were at the Convent of the Ursulines, he shrugged his shoulders, and muttered between his teeth, "We shall be in pretty late this evening. Ladies, and especially young ladies, have no mercy on the horses. They think the poor animals can drag a carriage about all day long, and wait for hours besides. Really the poor creatures get the fidgets standing here so long."

"Have you far to go to get home?" asked Jules, who was dying to find out the name and the residence of the travellers.

"I should think we had, seeing that we are obliged to sleep on the road."

"Ah, you have slept on the road; at Rochefort, I suppose? You live at Bordeaux then?"

"M. le Baron lives at home," answered the coachman in a consequential manner. "His castle is as old as the tower of Babel, and as to the stables, why your Préfecture is a mere barn in comparison."

"And what is the name of this fine castle?"

"Its name? Why, the same as M. le Baron's."

"And M. le Baron's name is...?"

"The same as his castle's," was the answer.

"I think that fellow is making fun of me," thought Jules; "but never mind, I shall get something out of him, or my name is not Jules Bertrand. And that pretty young

lady, she is the Baron's daughter, I suppose?"

"His granddaughter, and the apple of his eye too."

"Is it to amuse her then, or to look about for a husband that they travel?"

"A husband indeed! there's not much occasion to travel about in search of one. Plenty to be had at home, I can tell you. But we laugh at suitors. They are not the sort of people *we* want."

"She is perhaps going to take the veil, this pretty lady? Ay, I dare say, at the Ursulines."

"Hold your tongue, sir. Do you suppose we have not plenty of convents in our part of the world? If M. le Baron's granddaughter intended to take the veil, it would not be in a paltry old town like this, where the streets are so badly paved that the horses can hardly get along,—sharp stones that cut their feet like knives! None of your *Basses Pyrenées* for me!"

"You are exceedingly rude," exclaimed Jules, wounded both in his personal dignity and in his patriotic feelings.

"And you are a young scapegrace."

This insult so deeply roused the ire of Madame Bertrand's nephew that he could scarcely contain himself, and a very animated repartee was about to lead the way to direct hostilities, when fortunately for the cause of peace M. le Baron and his granddaughter appeared at that moment, and came up to the carriage. Jules withdrew to a little distance with flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, and his cap firmly drawn over his knitted brows. Alice recognized him, however, and as the calèche, detained an instant by a cart in the way, moved slowly forward, she made him a gracious bow, and said as she passed, "We are very much obliged to you, sir, for the trouble you have kindly taken."

"Ah!" soliloquized Jules as he returned the fair traveller's salutation. "How weak man is when a woman is in question! To be so softened by a look, by a smile! Enchantress! Siren! Witch! I was bursting with rage a moment ago, and with a few words she has appeased me. Not that she is really as handsome as Mdlle. Rose. She has not half so fine a color. To think that that old wretch of a coachman would not let out their names! Well, at all events, they are Barons; it is something to have found that out. I must go and boast of my discovery to Mdlle. Rose. She is in sad trouble to-day, poor dear little thing. I fancy she has got altogether into a scrape. Her cousin was eyeing her for all the world like Bluebeard at the Marionettes, and M. André turned his back upon her. I saw she could hardly keep from crying. It is very fortunate that I am not in love with her, for if I was in love I should be jealous, and if I was jealous I should torment her also, poor, dear, good little Mdlle. Rose. Oh, dear, how sad she seems! It is enough to break one's heart!"

Chapter V.

From the moment that André had disappeared, and the travellers departed, Rose had tried to behave as usual, to smile and to talk as if nothing was the matter; but the attempt was a lame one. Her heart was so full, that she was constantly on the point of giving way. Henri had withdrawn a little from the vicinity of her stall, but he was still hovering about the market-place. At one time she lost sight of him; but he was sitting smoking at a table before a café, and from thence contrived still to watch her with unremitting attention. At last the hour arrived when she was in the habit of leaving the market-place. Jean Pierre, M. Dumont's stable-

boy, brought out the old horse and harnessed him to the cart.

"I am going home on foot," said Rose, as she gave the empty baskets into his charge.

"The weather looks bad, Mademoiselle: there is a storm coming on. Had you not better take your cloak with you?"

"Pooh! it won't rain. The clouds have been threatening all day, and nothing comes of them;" and she walked off at a quick pace towards the Place Henri Quatre. When she arrived at the promenade which commands a view of all the valley of Pau, she sat down on one of the benches, clasped her hands round her knees, and fell into a deep train of thought. The wind was beginning to whistle amongst the branches of the old trees, and now and then large drops of rain fell, heavy, one by one,—the first of a thunder-shower. Flashes of lightning, too, now and then illumined the dark clouds that had gathered round the mountain tops. But Rose neither saw the lightning, nor heard the wind. She was absorbed in thought. Covering her face with her hands, she murmured—

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! how unhappy I am! How unkind, how cruel I have been to M. André! He must think me the most heartless girl in the world. Poor fellow, he came to me full of confidence in my affection, and well he might, too, to tell me of his—of our misfortune; he came expecting sympathy, and I behaved like a brute to him. No wonder he went away utterly disgusted. I dare say he did not see Henri, or guess at the reason of my conduct. I suppose he thought that, now that he is obliged to go away, I want to be let off my promise to him. How silly it was to be so frightened! and yet I certainly did see something shining in Henri's hand. He was grasping it so tight, and he looked so strange. If he had killed André, oh, dear! how dreadful it would have been! It turns me cold to think of it. Such things have happened, too. That story, for instance, that was in the newspapers the other day, of a man who killed his sweetheart, and then blew his brains out. It has haunted me ever since Uncle Dumont read it out."

"It is beginning to rain," said a hoarse voice at her elbow; "make haste to get home."

"Mercy on me, Henri!" exclaimed Rose, getting up and then sitting down again, her face flushed, and her eyes sparkling with indignation. "Leave me alone," she added, with an imperious gesture.

"You will get wet to the skin."

"Leave me alone, I say. Have you not tormented me enough today? Are you determined not to leave me a moment's peace? I shall *never*, *never* forgive you." André, poor André!"

A groan escaped from the depths of Henri's heart. She took no heed of it. Her anger had got the better of her fears, and she went on—

"I have made him miserable. He was wretched, and he came to me for sympathy and consolation. I love him, and I treated him shamefully."

"You love him?" ejaculated Henri in a faltering voice.

"Yes, I love him; and I hate you!"

"Rose, Rose, you do not mean what you are saying."

"Yes, I do. I will not submit any longer to your tyranny. Do you intend to go on as you have done, wanting to force me into marrying you, when I tell you" . . .

"Oh, don't tell it me any more! Yesterday I did not know you loved him."

It was Henri who now forgot the storm, the wind, and the rain; who, as if stunned by an unexpected blow, remained stupefied and motionless at the same place; while

Rose moved away without another look or word. The waters of the Gave were swelling fast, the oaks of the park bending before the blast like the willows in a summer breeze; but in the young man's heart a tempest was raging wilder than the hurricane, more fierce than the storm. Passion and suffering take a deep hold on those rude, earnest, energetic natures, unaccustomed to the refinements and untrammelled by the illusions of the imagination. He remained motionless on the bench where Rose had left him. His eyes wandered unconsciously over the broad landscape, overcast by the dim clouds that swept across the valley. The wind roared in his ears, but he saw nothing save the white cottage of the De Vidals, half hidden amongst the trees, he heard but the words which had broken his heart, "I love him, and I hate you." But a sudden vivid flash of lightning, immediately followed by a clap of thunder which shook the panes of glass in the windows of the adjoining houses, and was answered by reverberating echoes of the distant mountains, roused him in an instant. "Rose, good God, Rose!" he exclaimed as a man who wakes from a dream, and he ran towards the bridge from whence the whole pathway from Pau to Jurançon is visible. Rose was making her way with difficulty against the wind, which was right in her face. She was drenched with rain and slipping in the mud. After awhile, turning her back to the storm, she leant quite exhausted against the stem of a tree, the worst position she could have chosen; and worn out with the emotions of the day and the physical fatigue of battling with the hurricane, she gave way to tears. One moment more and Henri was by her side, throwing his great coat around her, and lifting her up in his arms. There was a little rivulet to cross on the way home so swollen by the rains, that she could hardly have forded it alone. He carried her across as if she had weighed no heavier than a bird. When children they had been accustomed to ford in this manner the little tributary brooks and streamlets of the Gave. Whether this thought came into her mind, or that the fear of the thunderstorm had for the moment got the better of every other feeling, her anger no doubt a little abated. Each time that the lightning flashed in her eyes she closed them with a litle cry of terror, and on opening them again she perceived something glittering on Henri's bosom. Partly from fear, and partly from curiosity to ascertain the nature of the weapon which had so greatly alarmed her a short time previously, she drew a little aside the edge of his waistcoat. "Holy Virgin!" she ejaculated in an audible tone; "who would ever have thought it?" Two large tears fell on Henri's large rough hand. The weapon concealed in his breast was a crucifix. A few moments afterwards they reached home, and Rose was deposited by a bright vine-stick fire which Babet had just lighted. Whilst her clothes were drying and her aunt besetting her with questions, she perceived that Henri had disappeared, and she sank into a reverie. The thought of André, of his approaching departure, of her own folly, and the mistake she had made respecting Henri, were all crowding into her mind, and the words of Jasmin's song seemed ever and anon to be ringing in her ears:

> "To face the storm, to stem the wind,
> Believe me, Rose, a guardian find."

"Well, child, have you quite lost the use of your tongue?" said her aunt impatiently. "True, you have got wet through, but that is not such a misfortune when once you have your clothes dried, and that

you are sitting by a good fire with a glass of hot wine and water. I don't see why you can't be a little conversible. Henri has drawn a good number, I hope?"

Rose, who somehow had never thought of inquiring, bent down over the fire, drying her long locks of black hair, and at a loss what to answer. "I don't know, aunt," she answered, turning away her head.

"What, have you not heard? But where is he, that I may find out? You did not come home together then?"

"Yes, part of the way we did; but, dear me, it was not the time to talk in the rain and with the thunder rolling over our heads."

"Holy Virgin, what a flash that was!" exclaimed Babet, making the sign of the cross. "Where is that boy? Why does not he come in and dry himself at the fire?" She went up to the window. "I declare he must be out of his mind, to be taking a walk in such weather as this. There he is pacing up and down the gravel walk as leisurely as if it was a beautiful evening."

"Leave him alone, aunt," said Rose pettishly. "He does not care about the rain. Where is my uncle?"

"At the stables. He went to scold Jean Pierre, for having let you come home on foot in the rain. Here he is."

"Ah, here you are, child. You have been prettily soaked, I expect. That idiot, Jean Pierre" . . .

"It is not his fault, uncle. He told me there would be a storm, but I would not listen to him."

"And my fourteen hundred francs, what news of them?"

"That little goose," cried Babet, "only fancy, brother" . . . .

"Somebody said," interrupted Rose, who was recovering her wits, "that Henri had drawn a good number, but I cannot vouch for it."

"Your son is there," said Babet, pointing to the window, "strolling about the garden in the pouring rain."

"No, he is gone now."

"What can he be about, that boy? I never saw such a set of stupids. And Jean Pierre, too, who does not think of ascertaining if his master's son has drawn a good number or not: a pretty sort of niece, and a pretty sort of servant too! They eat you out of house and home, but as to caring about your affairs, you may as well expect the cat to do so."

"Henri would not have gone away if he had ever so bad a number," said Rose querulously.

"Aye, indeed! and my fourteen hundred francs. You care very little for them, I perceive. Perhaps you fancy that pieces of five francs are picked up as easily as blackberries."

"Indeed, I don't," said Rose, in the same tone of voice. "If I did I should set pretty quickly, uncle, to gather them."

"Oh, I see what it is, child. You are always hankering after some bit of finery or other. Well, how many five-franc pieces do you want?"

"Two hundred and eighty," said Rose doggedly.

"Is the child beside herself?" exclaimed Babet.

"No, no; she is chaffing her old uncle. Come, Rosy, do you want a new bonnet?"

"No; I don't care about it."

"What is running in that foolish little head of yours?"

"Oh, many, many things."

"A ball dress, perhaps?"

"I have done with balls."

"Done with balls!" cried Babet, dropping her knitting: "that *is* queer! What has come over you, child?"

"Don't take up everything I say, aunt. It worries me."

"Are you ill, Rosy? You have caught cold perhaps. Come, let me put some warm cinders into

your shoes, that will warm your feet."

"No, pray leave me alone, aunt. I am not cold."

"You are very cross then."

"I am sure I have enough to make me cross," Rose muttered between her teeth, and hiding her face in her hands, she leant upon the table without speaking.

The storm was still going on; the rain beating against the panes. The noise of the torrent increasing every moment. Henri came in at last. Supper was on the table.

"Well, sir," said M. Dumont, "perhaps *you* will have the kindness to inform me if I am to be at the expense of paying for a substitute."

"No, father. I have drawn a good number," answered the young man, without raising his eyes from the plate which had been set before him.

The good bourgeois rubbed his hands, thrust them into his pocket, and walked about the room with a thoroughly happy expression of countenance. Then stopping opposite his niece, he said, "You shall have a splendid wedding dress, little girl. The best that can be found at M. Barton's. Won't she be pretty on her wedding day, our Rose?" he smilingly added, and chucked her under the chin. "Come now, children, as that business is settled, and we have something in hand for the wedding feast,—aye, Rosy, the two hundred and eighty francs you said you wanted, girl,—we must lose no time and get you married before the end of the month. To-morrow I shall speak to M. le Curé, and get him to publish the banns on Sunday. Come, Henri, what art thou thinking of, man? Jump up and give your bride a kiss." The young man sat stock still, his head leaning on his hand. Rose was crying bitterly. "What does all this mean?" cried M. Dumont angrily. "Have you been quarrelling again? Come, let's have no more nonsense. I am tired of the child's play that is always going on between you two. Come, make it up, and behave like sensible people. What! no answer? Am I to understand there is something serious in all this? Oh, then, I can be serious too, I assure you. Sir, I shall give you up forever. I shall turn you out of my house if you don't marry my niece."

"It is not his fault, uncle, it is not his fault," cried Rose, clasping her hands. "It is I who won't marry him."

"*You!*" cried her uncle in such astonishment that he seemed ready to drop.

"*You!*" re-echoed Babet, lifting up her hands. "You don't mean that!"

"But I do mean it," burst out Rose, worked up into a fit of exasperation. "If you care for a man you care for him, and if you don't you don't. There is no use in marrying to be wretched ever afterwards, and I had a great deal rather not marry at all, than be made to accept a man against my will. I will not do it."

"Heyday!" cried Babet. "Did anybody ever hear the like of that?"

"Henri!" roared out M. Dumont. "Henri, speak! What does she mean? what does it all mean? Is this some foolish whim? some senseless love quarrel. Is she giving herself airs? Have not you made pretty speeches enough to her lately?"

"She has taken a fancy to another man," Henri coldly replied, and resumed his former attitude.

"Taken a fancy to another man!" repeated M. Dumont, clenching his fist, and striding up to Rose as if hardly able to command himself. "And what right have you to take such fancies, Mademoiselle? How dare you dream of such a thing? I shall teach you to go and disgrace yourself."

"Gently, gently, father," interposed Henri, placing himself between the enraged M. Dumont and his weeping niece.

"I have brought her up from a baby, just as if she had been my own child. She has been made much of, and petted and dressed like the daughters of the wealthiest tradesmen in Pau, and she has now the audacity to stand up and tell me that she will not marry you! I have a great mind this very moment to turn her out of doors."

"It is raining too hard," whispered Babet, who always understood things in their most literal sense. Then raising her voice, she added, "Not but that she would richly deserve it;" for Henri's deadly paleness and look of intense misery went to her heart far more than Rose's tears.

"May we inquire," said M. Dumont, in a constrained and ironical tone, "may we be permitted to inquire who it is that Mademoiselle has fallen in love with?"

"I never said I was in love with anybody," Rose answered in a voice broken by her sobs; "but I like M. André Vidal, and he is coming to propose for me, unless indeed he has changed his mind since this morning."

"Only let him come, only let him come!" exclaimed M. Dumont, striking the table at the same time with the utmost violence. "I will speak my mind to him if he dares set his foot in this house. A wretched penniless beggar who pretends to be a gentleman, and who has had the insolence to tamper with the affections of my son's bride! Behind our backs too, the sneaking hypocrite!"

"It is very unjust, it is very unkind to speak so. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what will become of me!" and Rose fell on her knees with her head leaning against the table. When she looked up again her uncle and her aunt had left the room. "Oh, dear, dear," she again exclaimed, "how dreadfully angry they are with me!"

"There now, don't cry so bitterly, Rose," said Henri, wiping her eyes and drawing her hair off her face as if she had been a sobbing child. "You are as white as a sheet: drink a little wine," and he poured some out for her.

"I can't, it chokes me."

"Wait a bit then. Sit down in the armchair."

"It is not fair to say that I deceived you, Henri."

"Hush, don't talk of that now." After a pause he said in a husky, broken tone of voice, "Why did you pretend not to care when André told you of his bad luck?"

"I thought . . . I felt . . . You know you said yesterday that you would kill any one who" . . . .

Henri pressed his hands against his temples as if to still their throbbing, and his lips quivered as he answered, "Oh, if it had not been for *this*," and taking the crucifix from his bosom, he devoutly kissed it, "if it had not been for this, who knows what I might have done?"

"You would have killed him," said Rose, shuddering.

"Who can answer for himself? I was mad for a while: but God did not forsake me."

"And now you are grown quite reasonable?"

"I hope so," he answered in a tone of the deepest dejection.

"It is all very sad," ejaculated Rose with a sigh. A long silence ensued.

"Do you feel any better now?" he abruptly inquired.

"My head aches very much."

"I dare say it does; you are tired to death: go along to bed. Come, lay hold of my arm, I will help you upstairs. Aunt Babet," he called out as they passed her room, "come here, will you, and get this child to bed, she is dead beat with fatigue and can hardly stand. And hark

ye, aunt," he added in a whisper, "mind you don't scold her to-night. She has gone through quite enough for one day."

Henri closed the shutters and fastened the door of the house, extinguished the lights in the kitchen, and then slowly went up to his bedroom. Babet, who slept in the next attic to his, heard him sighing and groaning through the night till she felt her heart ready to break. This heightened her indignation against Rose to such a pitch that she would have willingly given her a good beating, but the next moment her feelings were softened by the thought of the poor child's headache, and the wetting she had had. "If she should have taken cold!" she suddenly exclaimed, and in an instant she was out of bed and bending over the sleeping girl. "Was there ever such a pretty creature!" she thought, as the light of her candle fell on the lovely face of her young niece; "does not she look just like a picture with the tears lying on her cheeks just like the rain-drops on our damask roses; and that lock of hair curling so prettily on her white neck as if it had strayed there on purpose? The little minx! How she sighs in her sleep! sobbing too, I declare. Oh, dear me, dear me! what work it is with young people! always making troubles for themselves, and other people too."

Rose woke up at that moment screaming so violently, "Don't kill him, Henri, don't kill him!" that Babet, terrified, took some holy water from the little stoop at the foot of the bed and sprinkled her with it. Seeing her aunt's face close to her own, a change came over the spirit of her dream, and bursting out laughing she said, "Go to bed, go to bed, Aunt Babet. You will catch cold."

"I dare say I shall. It would be odd if I did not," muttered the good old lady between her teeth. "Everything is upside-down in the house. Night turned into day. Nothing but groaning and crying and calling out murder. But, Heaven forgive me, the child is off asleep again. Well, if girls are not queer articles to deal with. There she is snoring away as if nothing was the matter. Ah, well, I am not going to stop here any longer, catching my death of cold," — the good lady forgot that it was summer. "I'll just wrap my shawl round my head, get into bed, and shut my ears to all their sighings and groanings. Charity begins at home." So saying, Babet withdrew to her chamber, and was soon fast asleep, regardless of the romantic troubles of her neighbors.

Chapter VI.

One Sunday evening after vespers, a short time after the drawing for the conscription, Andrê Vidal and Rose were sitting together under a tree at a little distance from the green where the villagers were dancing, not near enough for their conversation to be overheard, and yet not sufficiently apart to draw notice upon themselves. Rose was making a variety of little nosegays with the wild flowers within her reach, and tying them up with as much care as those she had been in the habit of arranging for the market-place of Pau.

"So you are no more to go to market with your uncle's flowers and fruit?" said André, as he helped her to collect the rosy tipped daisies and shining buttercups with which the grass about them was studded.

"No; so it has been decreed in the family council held three days ago in M. Dumont's parlor. He has engaged a substitute for me in the person of M. Boujeant's niece, and there is to be an end of my daily journeys to town and my walks home across the meadows. It will

be rather dull sitting at home all day with Aunt Babet, especially as you are going away so soon, M. André, and I shall have nothing to look forward to or to think of in the meantime. Do you really mean that you will be absent seven years? Dear me, we may all be dead and buried by that time!"

"Oh, no, we shall live to meet again: you must not be so downhearted, Rose; and in the meantime we can dwell on the recollections of the past and bright hopes for the future."

"That is all very fine; but though the past and the future are very well in their way, it is rather like telling people to think of their breakfast and their supper at the time when they want to be eating their dinner."

This simile made André smile, and he said, "I have sometimes been obliged to have recourse to that system when things have gone very hard with us at home."

"Indeed!" said Rose, thoughtfully. "Who would have supposed that you had ever suffered from—"

"Real hard poverty, you would say. Well, there are harder things to bear than that. We have always kept our heads above water, and, please God, I may work my way some time or other to a position in which I may venture to claim you as my wife."

"But you will in the meantime be making a lot of new acquaintances in Bordeaux and other places you will be staying at. If you were to forget me!"

"Forget thee, Rose! I can say with the Scotch poet:

> "The monarch may forget the crown
> That on his brow an hour has been;
> The bridegroom may forget the bride
> Was made his wedded wife yestreen.
> The mother may forget the child
> That smiles so sweetly on her knee,
> But I'll remember thee, 'dear Rose,'
> And all that thou hast been to me."

"That is very pretty, M. André; but if the bridegroom can forget the bride that is really married to him, that is just the reason why you may forget me who am not yet your 'wedded wife.' That's why I don't like poetry. There is no common sense in it." And Rose began to pout a little.

André took her hand and said gently, "Do you really think a man is likely to forget a girl whom he has loved since his childhood?"

"Have you really loved me so long? Well now, I must tell Sister Theresa so. She wanted me to marry Henri for that very reason, that he had cared for me such a long time. Not that it is true. I don't believe a word of it, but I should like her to know that you had. For my part, it is only since last autumn—"

"That you have returned my affection, Rose?"

"That I have had a regard for you, M. André," Rose answered with much dignity. "I am not sure that it was not that story that was the beginning of it."

"That story that I wrote on purpose to amuse you?"

"Yes; it was always running in my head, and at last, by dint of thinking of the story I began to think of you."

"It was my first attempt to give life and form to the vague imaginings that had haunted my mind for years," murmured André in an abstracted manner.

"Is it very difficult to write a tale?" asked Rose.

"Rather more difficult than to make a bouquet," he answered gaily; "but both tales and bouquets may be colorless and scentless, or beautiful and sweet, according to the skill of the maker. How do you set about it, Rosy, when you want to produce a very charming nosegay?"

"First I select the most lovely flower I can find for the centre."

"And I choose the best subject I can find for my tale."

"I take care not to use the full-

blown flowers, because the leaves drop off so soon."

"And I try not to let the interest of my story fall off as it proceeds."

"Then I mix together the most opposite colors: the purple with the yellow; the pink and blue with the white."

"And I mix up what is gay with what is sorrowful, light thoughts with serious ones," André said with a slight sigh.

"Ah, that is very true!" exclaimed Rose, re-echoing the sigh, and already losing sight of the literary and pictorial side of the subject, in the realities which his last words had recalled to her mind. "It is pleasant to think that we care about each other, and that we hope some day to be married; but it is very sad to think that you must go away, and for such a long time too. It is a great blessing that we have made it up before parting."

"Indeed, I was on the point of giving way to despair; of leaving this place at once without a word of explanation. I was so hurt, so deeply wounded by what seemed to me your inexcusable conduct, your heartless indifference, I felt as if I could never forgive you. The whole of that evening I kept walking up and down the road in a state of perfect distraction."

"Dear! how strange! Henri also stayed out in the garden for ever so long that night. Aunt Babet said he must be mad to go out for a walk in the pouring rain."

"No words can describe what I went through that day, and during the long sleepless hours of the night."

"What, did not you go to sleep at all, M. André?"

"Did you sleep quietly, Rose, after having made me so utterly wretched?"

"Not very quietly, M. André, for I was always dreaming that Henri was going to kill you."

"At break of day Jules Bertrand managed to slip into our garden. I heard him throwing sand against the panes, but for a long time I would not attend to him; at last, however, I was obliged to open my window, as I was afraid he would awaken my mother."

"He is the sharpest little fellow, that Jules!" exclaimed Rose, clapping her hands with delight.

"He had noticed," continued André, "he had suspected, and he had understood everything that had happened the previous day, and succeeded after a while in making it clear to me. I shall always feel grateful to that boy. The relief was inexpressible. It was as if a mountain was removed from my breast. I could not bear to think of my dear Rose as of a selfish, heartless flirt."

"Good little Jules! he has always been very fond of me; and then he hates Henri. But, good gracious, how he did frighten me the next day by running into our kitchen and saying to me all of a sudden, 'M. André is close upon my heels. He will be here in a minute!' I really thought I should have fainted away! Don't laugh, M. André; if you had seen my uncle the night before thumping the table and roaring out, 'Only let him come! only let him come!' you would not think it a joke, I can tell you."

"I must own that I did not meet with a very cordial reception from him or from that good lady, his sister, the day that I ventured to call upon them. It is impossible to imagine two more frozen visages than theirs when I unfolded my tale of love and of poverty. They did all but show me to the door. There was bitter irony also in their allusions to my claims, my pretensions they called them, to nobility of descent."

"I can't forgive them for being

so rude to you, M. André," exclaimed Rose, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "It was too bad of them."

"Well, we must be just, my dear Rose, and I am ready to admit that a proposal of marriage, or rather a declaration of attachment on the part of a man totally without fortune, and who, to make things better, had just drawn a bad number for the conscription, did not really deserve any other treatment. But, considering the promises we have made to each other, I felt myself bound in honor to lay the state of the case before your relations, and not to sneak away as it were in silence without revealing to them the secret of my attachment to you."

"Oh, as to its being a secret, there was an end of that on the evening after the ballot. I got into a passion with Henri when he joined me on the Place du Château, and I let it all out. And so when my uncle wanted to insist upon fixing the day of our marriage, he repeated to him what I had said. My uncle would have scolded me dreadfully, indeed I think he might have beat me, he was in such a rage, if Henri had not prevented him. Henri behaved very well. He said at once that he did not wish any longer to marry me. That there was no occasion to be angry with me on his account; and that since I had made up my mind to have you, they had better leave me alone. That it was bad enough for me your going away, and as to the future, why it must be as God pleases, and many other things, which pacified them a little. It is really very fortunate that he took it in that way. All would be right now if it was not for that terrible conscription. Must you go, M. André? Is there no possible way out of it?"

"None in the world, my dear child. We are too poor to pay a substitute, which is the only alternative."

"You will come home sometimes on leave of absence?"

"If we are not sent to Algeria."

"Is that far from here?"

"It is in Africa, my dear Rose."

"Oh, in Africa! one of the four or five parts of the world, I suppose. I forget how many there are. We used to learn all about that at the convent school, but I have never thought of it since."

"Don't you ever read, Rose?"

"Sometimes, a little; if I have an amusing book with nice short stories in it."

"You will write to me every week when I am gone?"

"I shall try, M. André. But, dear me, it is such a bore writing letters. It is not at all like talking to each other."

"Well, as to that, I have sometimes found it easier to pour forth the deepest and strangest feelings of my heart upon paper than to give utterance to them in conversation. Can you understand, my love, that it has happened to me to leave your side in order to muse in silence on the thought of what you have been to me, to summon up your image amidst the solitary woods and hills of this beautiful land of ours, to engrave your name, your sweet name, on its wild rocks and majestic trees, thus associating my love for you with my intense worship of nature?"

"Well! that is very beautiful," ejaculated Rose, with a puzzled look, "I suppose it is what you call poetry. But, M. André, if you will not be angry with me for saying so, are you quite sure that it is a proof of love to like to go away and think about people instead of liking to be always with them?"

"Do not misunderstand me, my dearest Rose. I have no dearer wish on earth than to spend my life with you. You have been for a long time past the joy and the

brightness of my sad existence. If it had not been for the interest you have taken in me, and the books which our good curé has supplied me with, I must long ago have died of melancholy."

"Books and little Rose Leblanc! Who would have ever thought they could have served the same purpose?" said Rose, laughing.

"It is quite true," rejoined André; "your loveliness and gayety, the fascinations of eloquence, and the charms of poetry" . . . .

"What, are you going to find some likeness between me and poetry?" exclaimed Rose, still more amused. "Who ever heard the like of that, as Aunt Babet would say?"

"Why what is there so poetical on earth, my sweet Rose, as youth, beauty, and innocence?"

"Oh! I am very glad of it, M. André, if it can give you pleasure. But if we could only get a substitute. How much would it cost?"

"Did not your uncle agree to give fourteen hundred francs for one in case M. Lacaze had drawn a bad number?"

"Yes, I believe so. That is not such an immense sum after all," said Rose, thoughtfully.

"It is an immense sum for poor people," he answered with a sigh.

"But, M. André" . . . .

"How long do you mean to call me *M. André*, Rose?"

"Well, André, I am going to show you my treasure. Shut your left eye and peep through the hole into this box. Don't you see in it several pieces of five francs, presents from my uncle? I used to be always asking him for money for one bit of finery or another, which I don't care a pin about now. I can see a substitute just beginning to grow up at the bottom of this box. Won't it be nice, M. André, when he steps out of it and takes you all by surprise?"

"You are an angel, Rose; and I too will try to save out of my pay."

"No, no; I will not hear of that; your pay will only just enable you to live respectably, and you must keep up appearances in the regiment. Leave it all to me. I shall have plenty of time to work, and work will keep me from fretting."

"Oh, Rose, how I love you!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes.

She shook her head reprovingly, rattled the little savings' box close to his ear, and then joined a group of young girls who were joining hands for a dance.

(To be continued.)

CONSCIENCE.

When, spite of conscience, pleasure is pursued,
Man's nature is unnaturally pleased:
And what's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and must disgust e'en thee!
The fact thou know'st, but not perhaps the cause.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
Heaven mixed her with our make, and twisted close
Her sacred interests with the strings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
His better self: and is it greater pain,
Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine?
And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.

CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

II.

Whilst seeking the information regarding the origin of the world, so essential for man, we turn to the Christians who offer us the history we want. A Christian child will actually stammer a better account of the origin and progress of the world than Aristotle, Manethon, or old Sanchoniaton. Their Scripture, they say, begins at the very first man that ever was upon the earth, and continues in an uninterrupted line of generations quite to the time of Titus. This book, it is true, is not so much the common history of mankind, as it is of the family of their Messiah. But besides the very great singularity of a sequel of names that succeed each other for four thousand years, together with a number of facts annexed to them, we find those instructions concerning our common origin and interests. It teaches us whence we came, and what our future state will be. The business is now to know how far it ought to be trusted.

There was a time, say the Christians, when we made part of the body of the Jewish nation. The first founders of our churches, and the first depositaries of our ancient records came from Jerusalem. Those among the Jews who received Christ, preached Him to the Gentiles, together with the history of what had preceded. Those who rejected Him were either exterminated when Jerusalem was taken by Vespasian, or dispersed, as they still are, with their ancient books. Thus far, the Jews and we have the same Scriptures, began by Moses the legislator of the Hebrews, and from age to age continued among them by those who were charged with the government of sacred things. The Samaritans, whom a spirit of division and a number of idolatrous and superstitious practices had separated, above seven hundred years before, from the main body of the Jewish nation, made use of the five books of Moses, and kept them as preciously then as we do at present. The collection of our first Scriptures had been translated into Greek three hundred years before the fall of Jerusalem. The birth of the Christian religion is but little anterior to that event, and since then we Christians along with the Jews keep both the text and the translation in emulation of each other; watching over one another with equal vigilance. But the Jews are something more to us than mere inspectors of our conduct on this point, they are besides our securities. The book we quote and reverence we had from them; both the book and the nation subsisted before there were any Christians; hence it follows, that where incredulity would cast any suspicion on the authors of the Scriptures, it could not fall on the Christians.

Nor can a forgery of the ancient Scripture be laid to the charge of the Jews who lived since Ptolamæus Philadelphus, whereas the Greek translation he made of it, proves the existence of the text before that time.

The particulars and connection of the events relating to the Jewish nation, with the revolutions of the neighboring people, very plainly demonstrate that all the books that compose this Scripture are the genuine productions of the writers whose names they bear. Let us then be contented with saying a word on the antiquity of the Pentateuch, that is, the five books attributed to Moses; for, together

with the fundamental law of the Jewish republic, we find there the history of the world, or the origin of mankind.

The history of a nation is never surer nor more explicit than when two parties arise, respectively intent upon pointing out the faults of one another. Such is the result of the animosity which arose and increased excessively between the tribes that formed the kingdom of Juda, and the ten others that left Roboam, son of Solomon, and formed the separate kingdom of Israel. The Jews, who had been severely punished by a captivity of seventy years, on account of their idolatry, entertained such an aversion for that crime after their restoration under Cyrus, that they dreaded the least shadow of it more than death itself. They had already contracted an inveterate ill-will against the tribes of Israel, both on account of their schism, and the worship of idols brought into Israel by Jeroboam. After the dispersion of these tribes in the north of Asia under Salmanazar, the poorest families which remained in the adjacent parts of Samaria were mixed with the idolaters which Assaradon had caused to come from Chusistan, and this increased the hatred of the Jews to such a degree that they had no communication whatever with the Samaritans, who in return would not use an instrument that had been employed by a Jew. We may be sure that in these dispositions of ill-will, the Pentateuch which both nations held had not been transmitted from the one to the other, but was handed down to both from times previous to their schism, and when they made but one and the same body of state and religion. Could a book of such great importance with any probability be either altered or entirely forged by one of the two nations, without apprehending the complaints of the other, and that with the hope of making the opposite party admit the same with credit and reverence? Absurd. The Pentateuch is much older than the time of Cyrus, and was extant among the Hebrews when Herodotus and Homer had not as yet published the history of any nation whatever. But some may say, that the easier we find it to trace the origin of this book back to the time of the legislator of the Hebrews, the more difficult it must be to give credit to it. It is acknowledged that the art of writing was already discovered in the time of Moses; whereas Cadmus, who was forced to fly before Joshua, introduced into Greece the use of writing, as yet unknown there, and the other troops of the Chananeans that retired to the western coast of Africa, erected several columns there, on which they wrote their origin and the occasion of their emigration. The use of writing was known in Phœnicia, Syria, and Arabia. Job, who was an Arabian, speaks of it; and Moses, who had lived in the same country, at the house of Jethro, a prince of the Midianites, may have learned writing, supposing it was not yet in use among the Egyptians. But Moses having been able to write a book is not sufficient proof. We are obliged to show that he cannot be suspected of having tried to assign to his own nation an origin of very remote antiquity; that he may have been very well informed about the history of the world; and to this must be added the verification by monuments of the events he relates. Are not the monuments of such remote antiquity which existed in the time of Moses now destroyed to all intents and purposes?

Moses was so far from writing with a design of flattering his own nation by the attribution of a very ancient origin, that he, on the contrary, demonstrates its being of an excessively fresh date with regard to

his own time. The Israelites, two centuries before, hardly exceeded the number of seventy people. Four hundred years before Moses, Abraham, the father of the Hebrews, had not as yet one son; nor had he acquired the property of a single inch of ground when Egypt was already in a flourishing condition, when Babel and all the eastern towns had their king, and the Sidonians roved about the seas, and had old settlements on all the coasts. The Hebrews were but a small family whilst Abraham lived. They multiplied afterwards, but were without any celebrity, concealed in a corner of Egypt, despised there and reduced to hard slavery. Moses, far from endeavoring to please that people by indulging their inclinations, loads them with reproaches for their gross way of thinking, and their unconquerable fondness for the mad practices of idolatry. This is not the method of impostors; the manifest intention of Moses is to make the people sensible of the depravity and errors of the human heart, by exposing before their eyes the history of mankind corrupted by sin, punished by the flood, and at last sunk again into new misfortunes of idolatry. The service he was actually doing extended beyond the boundaries of his nation, as the light was being extinguished everywhere, and never forgot the Creator so far as to think the world was eternal. Thus God remained still known among the Hebrews, and Moses saved the essential part of our common history.

In order to execute this noble design, and reap the benefit of the invention of writing, which seems to have been new at that time, Moses had all the domestic helps that could possibly render his narrative credible. The offspring of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, which had remained united, and gathered together continually in one and the same corner of the earth, was indeed neither flourishing nor learned; but it had its origin very near the ages in which the colonies formed by the children of Noah were still recent, and in a great many places imperfectly settled.

These first beginnings of the world were easily retained, as they were recorded and handed down in a very compendious manner. Men were contented with barely mentioning what was necessary, and their multitude did not occasion any danger of confusion of these original matters from the deluge down to Abraham. Nothing in the narrative of Moses clashes with probability, or exceeds the ordinary capacity of mankind. He tells us of the creation as it was told by Adam, then the fall of man, the flood, and the dispersion of the human race, all which are the first points of our common history. These events, so few in number, so affecting and so very fresh, are barely related by Moses, who confines himself within the peculiar history of his own people.

The invention of writing was preceded by the use of symbols, the sight of which revived the memory either of a name or an object. The symbolical characters of the Chaldeans and Egyptians are more ancient than Moses. They might then replace the want of our common writing, and thus perpetuate the essential part of ancient history. We learn from Homer, and from a very old custom still existing among the Arabians, that the first men never gave a name to any person, without adding an epithet or surname fit to signify his country, family, or peculiar character. Thus we read, "The swift Achilles, son of Peleus; Ulysses, son of Laertes; Joshua, son of Nun; Jeroboam, son of Nebat, who led Israel astray; Mahomet, son of Abdallah." This method was very apt to strike and strengthen the

memory by frequent repetitions, and to preserve the principal characteristics of famous men by the simplicity of the epitome.

There is, in the significant names given by Moses to the first men, a singularity that shows with what precautions were preserved the remembrance of the greatest events in every age, and the essential part of history. One of the best means for this purpose was to distinguish each father of a family, or the chief of a colony, by a surname relating to some memorable event that happened in his time, or in the region of his settlement. After his death, or about the end of his life, the surname became his ordinary appellation. For instance, it may be observed, that the last of the years attributed to Methusalem, proves to be that of the flood itself, and that his name signifies "*Dead in the waters of the flood;*" it is evidently a surname given to him subsequently to that event. Moses, when relating the genealogy of the patriarchs, gives us to understand that in the time of Heber the whole human race was as yet on the other side of the Euphrates, and that it was in the time of his son Phaleg that the dispersion occurred. Now the name "Phaleg" signifies *dispersion;* and in the language of the Syrians and Arabians, among whom Moses lived, the name "Heber" signified *the other side of the river;* hence we understand the reason why they likewise gave to Abraham and his family, settled among them, the name "*Heber* and *Himbrim* or *Hebrews*," which means *the people on the other side of the river.* The ancient inhabitants of Epirus were called Dodanim or Dodonsans, and those of Egypt were called Messaim. Although these are plural names, and suitable only for nations, the Scripture gives them to those two heads of colonies who conducted their family to Epirus and Egypt, without mentioning their proper names. These few instances may suffice to show that most of the names of the patriarchs, not only help the memory, but even fix periods of time in history, being not so much the names of famous men during lifetime, as distinctive surnames bestowed on them after death. Thus, when they made genealogies of families, the order of them was preserved by the concatenation of facts, and half a hundred epithets of this kind were a very sure and exact history, very easily handed down to posterity.

The Arabians, who dwelt in tents, as the first colonists did after their dispersion, are those who have mingled least with other nations, and of course have best preserved the ancient customs. They still keep genealogical registers of all their families, rich or poor; and although their wandering life exposes their genealogies to many a blank, they preserve all they can. Hence it happens that they have contracted the conceit of thinking themselves more estimable than other nations, on account of their better knowledge of antiquity; and this fondness of nobility is carried to such extravagance, that, for seven or eight hundred years, they have preserved the exact pedigree of their horses. But though we had not the proofs of the care taken, and of the many adequate means which the ancient Eastern nations had to preserve the memory of early events, and which the general dispersion has obscured in other places, the narrative of Moses would not be the less certain, because it is impossible to reject a statement, when every part is attested by monuments generally known. This we will find to be the condition of the Mosaic history.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

Although we are all grown so practical, and study how to become more practical with daily increasing success, yet practical joking is at a discount. Practical jokes are voted vulgar, witless, stupid, ill-natured; and it is really impossible to deny that the popular verdict is a correct one; but how amusing they often are! And, after all, is not that the great thing? Man, look you, is the only animal (the hyena excepted) that can laugh, and is not this laughter at least as valuable a boon as either of his other characteristics? A fine use he often makes of his reason! The gift of speech is an edged tool which frequently cuts himself, and is always doing mischief; but who ever failed to receive benefit, both bodily and mentally, from a hearty laugh? It assists the digestion, clears the brain, and softens the heart.

Now, I think I receive as much pleasure as any one from a witty repartee or a humorous description; but—*did* you ever see any one trying to get into an apple-pie bed? Did they call "absence" at your school on holidays, to prevent the boys from straying too far? They did at ours; and on fine summer days, when the master read the names over in the playing-fields, it was a common trick for one of us to creep on his hands and knees behind a boy whose turn was coming, while another gave him a slight push on the chest at the critical moment. To see a lad hold up his hat, and shout "Here, sir!" and simultaneously take a back-somersault, was really very comical.

You must, in your youth, have either set or fallen into a "booby-trap." It consisted, you may remember, of books, boots, &c., balanced on the top of a door, which was left ajar, so that the first incomer got a solid shower-bath.

Another trick was to pour water into a stone ink-bottle, cork it tightly, and slip it between the bars of a boy's grate on a winter's evening, when he was returning to his room after a temporary absence,—the nozzle, of course, directed towards his chair. The tenant returned, and sat down to his verses or translation; presently the water began to boil, and the steam fired off the cork at him.

The fun of a practical joke consists in the surprise of the victim, and this was certainly attained by gently turning up a cupboard-bed with its inmate. The astonishment of a sound sleeper on finding himself standing on his head in a cupboard, is very great indeed; but it is a mercy that no boy was ever stifled.

Children, indeed, are probably as much given to practical joking now as ever they were; it is to be hoped so, for only in exceptional cases do boys understand any other kind of jest; and a human being without fun is in a morbid, unhealthy condition.

Altogether, I am afraid we must let practical joking, at least among educated adults, go to limbo; but surely there can be no harm in liking to hear about it. I hope not; for to hear or read of a good trick amuses me vastly. Who can read the life of that emperor of practical joking, Theodore Hook, without enjoyment? Who would not have liked to be in the secret of the great hoax, at —. But I must steer clear of anecdotes which the reader has by heart. This one is not so generally known.

In the year 1778, a nephew of the Emperor of Morocco visited Paris as his uncle's ambassador. He was

received with great pomp at the court, and all the nobility vied with one another in giving him *fêtes*. Certain young men thought this afforded them a good opportunity for playing a trick upon a very pretentious man named Septenville, a rich horse-dealer. They began by persuading him that he ought to invite the Moorish prince to a *fête* at his country-house, which was one of the most beautiful in the environs of Paris; they assured him that they had sufficient influence to persuade His Excellency to accept the invitation and honor the affair with his presence. They pointed out to him that the money it cost would be well spent in the end; that a connection of this description would give great notoriety to his business, and enable him to extend it considerably, and that very likely His Excellency would, out of gratitude, send him some Barbs. Septenville calculated all these advantages, and decided without much struggle to receive the ambassador with all the expense and show proper on the occasion. Some days afterwards, he was informed that His Excellency consented to do him the honor of passing a day at his place, to which he would come on such a day, at such an hour. The merchant immediately began doing all he could think of to render his house worthy of receiving such a guest; he ordered fireworks of Torré, the great man of the age in that line; he had his grounds and the front of his house brilliantly illuminated; he engaged the most celebrated musicians at a great expense; he sent out invitations to all the nobility and people of fashion whose names and addresses he could get hold of, to the court, to the most distinguished foreigners, to all the handsomest actresses. Of course, the arrangements for the banquet were on a scale corresponding with all the other preparations.

On the appointed day, after having allowed himself to be waited for for some time, the ambassador, accompanied by all his court, arrived in a magnificent carriage. He was received with a flattering address, to which he replied by means of an interpreter. He was asked to sing, and consented with the utmost affability. The *fête* went on capitally, and Septenville was out of his wits with joy. At the banquet, he refused to sit at table with so illustrious a guest, but insisted on standing behind his chair with a napkin under his arm. The ball opened, and the guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly, without suspecting any trick, till three o'clock in the morning, when a body of soldiers and police appeared in the ball-room. They had come to take the sham ambassador into custody; and Septenville found he had been duped. The man who played the part of the ambassador was the son of a bookseller named Prault. He was precisely of the same age and shape as the Moorish prince, and was so well got up as to deceive everybody.

That was as carefully prepared a hoax as any Hook was ever guilty of. The French used to be quite addicted to practical joking; indeed, I fancy that the palm for ingenuity in such matters must be awarded to them, for the plots of some of our best mystifications have come from the same country that supplies us so liberally with the framework of our plays.

The idea of sending innumerable coffins, hearses, wedding-carriages, pictures, beds, tables, &c., at a given day and hour, to an unfortunate individual's house was originally French.

But, after all, these elaborate jokes are not so humorous as those which are spontaneous, such as the following:

A young French gentleman, who led a very gay life, going to bed late and getting up late, lodged in

an *entresol*. A milkwoman took up her position under his window, and the chattering of her customers, with the braying of her donkey, effectually destroyed his slumbers. In vain he remonstrated; the milkwoman said she had a right to the pavement, and that place suited her. He got up, went out, and reasoned with her. No good. What, then, would she take to select another station? Nothing; he was an aristocrat, and she made it a point of honor to stand upon her rights. "Well, then," he said at last, "since you will not listen to reason, I must appeal to your donkey;" and he whispered in Neddy's ear, the crowd which had gathered round laughing at him till he ran in. Presently, however, the donkey began to kick and plunge as if it were possessed, spilling all the milk, butter, cheese, &c. The woman cried out "Witchcraft;" the crowd took up the cry; and there was such a riot that the police came.

"What is the matter?" asked the commissary.

"A young man who lives on the *entresol* has bewitched my ass," replied the milkwoman.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the commissary; but the woman would not be pooh, pooh-ed, and he had to take her up to the gentleman's apartments, and confront him with the complainant.

She told her story at length. The young man waited patiently till she had quite done, and then said: "Sir, this woman has spoiled my night's rest for this month past. I have complained, I have entreated; she has scorned my requests and my prayers. I could not revenge myself upon a woman; but her donkey, who is masculine, had no such claim upon my forbearance; besides, the peculiar cries of the animal are what is most distressing to me. This ass, as avaricious as his mistress, has a sister upon whose succession he counted, but who is going to marry again; it was this news, whispered by me in his ear, which exasperated him to such a degree that he conducted himself in so violent a manner."

The commissary, who could hardly keep his countenance, said that the young man had better pay for the milk that was spilt, and advised the milkwoman to move her station beyond the reach of a man who had such a peculiar power of conversing with animals. Both assented, and the woman took the money, crossed herself, and went.

"And now, then," said the commissary to the young man, "how did you do it?"

"I dropped a lighted fusee in the brute's ear," said he.

A French auditor of accounts in the seventeenth century was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it, for he left four large candles to be carried at his funeral, which had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fireworks.

When a lady condescends to a practical joke, it is generally a very neat one. M. Boncourt, the rich financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin-money. One day a lady, closely veiled, and very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him, and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.

The French thieves sometimes used to steal so funnily that even their victims were half inclined to pardon them.

The Duke of Frousac, nephew of Marshal Richelieu, was coming out of the opera one night in a splendid dress embroidered with pearls, when two thieves managed to cut off his coat-tails. He turned into his club, where everybody laughed at him, and so he found out what had happened, and went home. Early the next morning, a well-dressed man called at the Duke's hotel, and de-

manded to see him at once on a matter of most vital importance. Monsieur de Frousac was awakened. "Monseigneur," said the visitor, "I am an officer of police. Monsieur the lieutenant of police has learned the accident which happened to you yesterday on leaving the opera, and I have been sent by him to request you to order the coat to be placed in my hands, that we may convict the offenders by comparing it with the mutilated tails." The dress was given up, and the Duke was in raptures with the vigilance of the police. But it was a new trick of the rogue who had stolen the tails, by which he possessed himself of the entire garment.

The ancients used to indulge in practical jokes to a considerable extent; for instance, the Thracians, at their drinking-parties, sometimes played the game of hanging. They fixed a round noose to the bough of a tree, and placed underneath it a stone of such a shape that it would easily turn round when any one stood on it. Then they drew lots; and he who drew the lot took a sickle in his hand, stood on the stone, and put his neck into the halter. The stone was kicked away; and if he could cut himself down with his sickle, well and good; but if he was not quick enough, he was hanged outright; "and the rest laugh, thinking it good sport."

Then there was some old gentleman, I forget his name and nation, who pretended to make friends with his enemy, and asked him to dinner; and, for the last course, a large dish was brought in, which proved, when uncovered, to contain the heads of the guest's wife and family. This was carrying a joke almost too far.

Nero's jests were likewise very practical. "What a fat fellow that senator is!" he observed one day to a courtier; "see me cut him in two!" and he did it in the most facetious manner.

Indeed, in the early stage of civilization, practical wit is apt to be grim; as society advances, jokes at other people's expense are not quite so heartless; when we reach a certain pitch of refinement, nothing gives us pleasure which causes pain to another, and then there is a chance of practical joking dying out altogether, except in the case of boys, who will probably never be humanized.

PROGRESS.

All victory is struggle, using chance
And genius well; all bloom is full of death;
All being, effort for a future germ;
All good, just sacrifice; and life's success
Is rounded-up of integers of thrift,
From toil and self-denial. Man must strive
If he would freely breathe or conquer: slaves
Are amorous of ease and dalliance soft;
Who rules himself calls no man master, and
Commands success even in the throat of Fate.
Creation's soul is thrivance from decay;
And nature feeds on ruin; the big earth
Summers in rot, and harvests through the frost,
To fructify the world; the mortal Now
Is pregnant with the spring-flowers of To-come;
And death is seed-time of Eternity.

THE PRINCIPLES OF COMMUNISM.

THE question of the rights of industry, or the due relations between capital and labor, is agitating every branch of society and acquiring the utmost gravity. Statesmen, political economists, agriculturists and manufacturers, merchants and capitalists, central and small towns, governments and parliaments, have all in turn felt obliged to grapple with this momentous subject in some one or other of its various forms. Of all purely social questions it is the question of the day. An immense number of operatives in many countries of Europe have been roused by the apostles of revolution to a sense of their own importance, and, looking with a jealous eye on the wealth of the few, they threaten to obtain a more equal distribution of property by violent means if they should fail in obtaining it in a peaceable way. Many of the nobles and landed gentry among us have shown a disposition to meet the reasonable demands of the laboring classes, and to ameliorate their condition as far as possible; while at Berlin the Austro-German Social Conference is considering the measures which will best enlighten laborers and their employers on the true state of the question, and avert the threatened evils of Socialism by removing all just ground of complaint. Mr. Ruskin speaks of "the modern idol of capital" as "the stone of Sisyphus with a vengeance, *crushing* in its recoil," and it is precisely the recoil which they would prevent. We shall endeavor to follow the very laudable example of these gentlemen at Berlin, as reported in the *Voissiche Zeitung*, and, in doing so, we hope to secure the patient attention of our readers to these three questions:

First. What and of what character are the principles that generate the Communist idea?

Secondly. What are the causes which act on the multitude, and dispose them by degrees to become its victim?

Thirdly. What remedy can be found efficacious enough to dispel the idea or diminish the violence of its results?

Communism is not a new thing. It was put in practice of old in Crete, and was introduced by Lycurgus among the citizens of Sparta. It was recommended and set forth in order by Plato; preached by Gnostics and Pelagians; renewed under various names by heretics in the middle ages; professed by Anabaptists; and even supported at one time by large armies on the plains of Germany. Each of these attempts at Communism had its distinct form, and the scope of each was the amelioration of society or a nearer approach to what was considered its scriptural type. The Communism of our own time differs from them all in the extent of its claims and the arrogance of its tone. It insists on universal acceptance, and proclaims itself as alone adapted to the nature of man, condemning every form of society now in existence as inconsistent with that opposed to it. Rejecting altogether the Scripture account of the creation and primitive condition of man, Communist writers represent him as in his origin less than the beasts of the field, and only after long ages of gradual development becoming meet to batten on roots and acorns and indulge his passions freely, with a certain lordship over other animals. But in that wild and natural freedom his happiness consisted. Society has imposed on him a thousand chains, and these chains are his

miseries. So long as "master" and "slave" are correlative terms, so long as paupers starve at the gates of millionaires, the names of master and millionaire are to be held in abhorrence by all who adopt the precepts of the *Contrat Social*. According to that pact, the individual is to be lost in the community; all things, all rights, interests, and desires of soul and body are to be in common; each belongs to the whole and the whole belongs to each. The idea of property is detestable; each individual has a right to what he needs, and to that only. All he possesses is at the service of the community, and *vice versâ*. Such is the doctrine of Morelly. According to Brissot de Warville the rich man is the thief, and so is every one who clings to superfluity. In the system of nature property is plunder. Helvetius, says Mably, preached the abolition of poverty, and Condorcet condemned loudly the unequal distribution of goods. Diderot and Brissot de Warville declared in the name of liberty and equality that man will be happy then only when the notions of property, marriage, family, modesty, and chastity shall be relegated to the dictionary, and numbered among the myths of an age gone by.

The reasoning of Kant, though differing from that of French Communist writers in its mode of procedure, arrives at the same conclusion. Leaving behind us the state of nature, by which he understands the actual order of society, he would have us advance to the civil or juridical state, in which Communism should be made legal by the infallible voice of the public will. The people submitting voluntarily to such law would become allied to other populations equally enlightened; cosmopolitan rights would bind them together, and a universal republic would thus at last be formed. The teaching of Hegel exceeds in profanity that of Kant, since, having raised man to a divine eminence in virtue of his pantheistic theory, he plainly declares that the State is really the divine being and the divine will, subjecting even the Church to itself, and commanding universal respect and obedience, which respect and obedience are the true measure of the subject's religion and morality. As an exponent of Communism, therefore (or Radicalism as it is now styled in France), Hegel's doctrine was an advance on Kant's, and now it has been adopted and developed by Grün, Feuerbach, and other atheistic writers. As a general distinction between the French and German schools of Communists it may be said that the former lower man to a beast, and the latter raise him to a God.

Attempts have been made in 1848 and 1871 to put in practice the principles of the Commune; but these attempts, from causes which are fresh in our reader's memory, have signally failed. But it is through a succession of failures that large ideas, whether for good or evil, ultimately triumph. Communists are not disheartened by their failures; they regard them, on the contrary, as pledges of success. The rampart which, as yet, they have been unable to surmount is property. Every other bulwark revolution has levelled—thrones, aristocracies, constitutions, dynasties, churches—but property still defies the spoilers from its golden bastions. Why is this? Simply because the mass of men are political economists without being aware of it. They have an instinctive sense of the truths which political economy recognizes as first principles. They believe, for instance, that if community of goods were once proclaimed, the stimulus of private interest in industry on a large scale being removed, an immense amount of capital would lie

idle, and the boasted blessedness of Communism be changed into lurid misery. Nor will it ever be easy for the Commune to make its grand experiment. It could do so only under the guise of legal enactment; and in order to make a law about the distribution of property it must first get that property into its hands. But there would be no little difficulty in effecting this without desperate resistance and revolts. Those who possess substantial goods are not likely to resign them without a struggle into the keeping of mere theorists, to be distrusted even if they were honest in their intentions, and as disinterested as they would probably be venal and avaricious.

There is a difference of opinion among Communist writers as to the origin of property. Morelly and Proudhon designate it a theft, maintaining that it was acquired in the first instance by violence and plunder. Rousseau and Kant ascribe its origin to the will of the State, which alone has imparted any right to it. If the former account of the matter be the true one, the State ought to redistribute the booty unlawfully obtained; and if the latter, the State has the power of reforming its own acts in this particular, and ought to do so. Various modes have been suggested as suitable to this end. Rousseau advises heavy imposts on the rich, increasing in gravity till the Government should be possessed of all that is superfluous in the belongings of its subjects. He that has ten times the wealth of others should pay ten times as much; and so on of the rest. Mably would proscribe luxury by a sumptuary law, and by an agrarian edict would limit the amount of land that an individual might hold. Other legal enactments should prohibit wills, and alter existing rights of succession. Helvetius, in 1770, counselled a resort to more decisive measures. Under his system, the riches of some were to be diminished, those of others were to be increased; some property was to be held by every person; the poor man was to be placed in such a condition that seven or eight hours *per diem* would suffice for himself and his family; and education was to be made universal and compulsory. Nor were the counsels of these worthies without result. Robespierre and the Directory obeyed the voice of Rousseau and Mably; Babœuf and his colleagues were on the point of introducing, first into Paris, and then into France, with one terrific carnage, the promised blessings of the Utopia of Helvetius.

Another reform indicated by Mably was one which the International of our day has made well known. He suggested that France should be divided into as many republics as it had provinces, and that they should all be leagued together in a federative union. This was the germ of the anti-national system now advocated by Communists, according to which the grand boundary lines of nations would disappear, and large cities would become centres of republican government. The prevalence of this view paralyzed the patriotic exertion of many Frenchmen during the late war, and will do so again under similar circumstances. Other communistic ideas likewise were forestalled by Mably, the nephew of Cardinal de Tencin, and at one time Seminarist at St. Sulpice. Religion, he maintained, ought to be brought into harmony with philosophy by the State; and women, emancipated from all political disabilities, should be educated precisely as those of the other sex. Absolute community of goods would result by an easy sequence from universal, compulsory, State education, and would be the crowning glory of the social edifice.

Now there is one thing—one

only—to be said by way of excuse for these wild and dangerous theories, repugnant alike to the teaching of religion and to the true interests of man—they have for their end, in the minds at least of all honest men who have propounded them, a diminution of human misery. But the benevolence of the design, so far as it can be separated from sordid and selfish motives, must not blind us to the awful and disastrous character of the theories themselves. The events which occurred during the siege of Paris have given us a brief but terrible commentary on their true nature, and there seems every probability of a renewal of these odious exhibitions. If the writings of speculative Socialists of the last century have produced results on so extensive a scale in our time, how much greater and more deplorable consequences may be anticipated from the popularization of communist ideas now going on throughout Europe? . . . The school of Saint Simon was one of the deformed offspring of the boasted '89. It was called the industrial school; it extolled industry, and regarded learned men, laborers, and artists as the true aristocracy. It did not propose to spoil them of the wealth they might have acquired, nor even to cut it down; but it made war with all future inheritances. People were to obtain and enjoy all they could get, but not to enjoy what their ancestors had gained for them. Whether this plan would promote industry among parents, we leave to our readers to judge. It was flanked, of course, by other absurdities; as, for example, the absolute equality of woman with man, and the regeneration of families by conventional instead of natural filiation.

Fourier was more fantastic and Utopian than Saint Simon. He was called the Phalanxist, because he wanted to arrange all mankind in phalanxes. Community of land and capital being established, the expenses of all were to be paid out of the produce, and the surplus was to be divided into twelve parts, four of which should be distributed among capitalists and landowners who had generously poured their wealth into the common treasury, three among men of genius, and five among workmen. This threefold division was to be all on the *pro rata* principle. The rich contributors were to be rewarded according to their previous contributions; the men of genius according to the post they occupied in public esteem; and the laborers according to their subservience to the general welfare; works of necessity being counted more valuable than those that were merely useful, and those that were useful being held more deserving than those which were merely gratifying. But there was one unfortunate clause in Fourier's article of regeneration; one which sufficed by itself to blow up the entire scheme. The simple fact of being found in either one of the social groups or phalanxes was to entitle a person to clothes, victuals, house, and home. Whether the individual were drone or working-bee, it was all the same; he must be kept at the cost of the community. Who that loves idleness would not vote for such a system? to subsist on such easy terms was nothing less than a repeal of the original curse.

But to approach nearer to our own day, Louis Blanc, member of the Provisional French Government of 1848—English as well as French author—long resident in England, and not yet passed away from the scene of public life, has propounded a more serious resolution of the social problem. According to the *Organisation du Travail*, society in its present condition is utterly and irrevocably condemned. All misery attaches to its persistence, all welfare to its overthrow. The great obstacle to universal content-

ment is competition; let competition, therefore, come to an end. How can it be accomplished? We must invoke the assistance of the sovereign State. Vast national fabrics must be founded; every branch of industry, including agriculture, must have its own. Smaller fabrics—individual fabrics—must merge in the larger ones, and all the operative bodies must be linked together by an inviolable sodality. If misfortune befalls one body, its sister-bodies will repair the evil; the prices of the industrial produce will be fixed, and the same in every place. The profits will be divided into three parts, one for the operatives by an equal partition; the second, in aid of the infirm and for repairing any default; and the third, in the purchase of tools, &c., for new associates. But how could fabrics of such huge dimensions be founded without immense capital, and where should we look for it but to the State? The omnipotent State must advance it gratis, free of all interest, so as to give the mighty project a free start. It ought also to appoint the directors and managers, and to suppress by legal enactments collateral inheritance, turning this all to the advantage of the Communes and the Government. The Communes shall have the lands that may thus accrue, and found thereon agricultural institutes; the Government shall have the funded properties to support the existing national fabrics and extend their operation. Great families would in this manner become denuded of their wealth through default of direct heirs, and all puny competition would be borne down by the crushing power and opulence of the national fabrics. Productions on so gigantic a scale could not fail to be cheap, poverty would be unknown, and affluence the happy lot of all.

During some years Louis Blanc clung to his absurd idea of dividing the profits among all the workmen alike, good or bad, diligent or slothful; but this portion of his plan he abandoned in 1848. Here is the *crux* of the Communists, as the works of St. Simon, Fourier, Blanc, and Leroux testify; for if workmen are not, under the Communist system, to be recompensed all alike—if the best hands earn the highest returns (we must not call them wages), and the best products and manufactures have the highest prices—if the most industrious artisans and laborers produce the largest quantity of work, as the most clever execute that of the best quality, then a state of things is brought about very nearly resembling the results of the present condemned and hated system of competition, and Communism has failed to solve the social problem of the inequality of condition among the laboring classes, of the poverty, misery, and squalor of some, and the tidiness, comfort, happiness, and welfare of others. Competition has, in this case, done all that can be done under the circumstances, and that without the intervention of the tyrannical omnipotent State.

It may be well here to state precisely the doctrines of the Saint Simonians, who constitute one important class of Communists:

All men are equal and have the same rights. They differ in capacity only.

Women are equal to men and should enjoy the same privileges and follow the same callings.

All members of society should receive a common, equal, and professional education.

The flesh should recover its rights and be sanctified by labor and pleasure.

Marriage may be freely dissolved by mutual consent.

A sacred hierarchy, consisting of the best, wisest, cleverest, most amiable and handsome men, should govern all.

Property and inheritance should cease, and the priests just mentioned should distribute lands and money to the most industrious, "to every one according to his capacity and to every capacity according to its products."

The priests shall be temporal and spiritual heads—the living law. "Religion" shall embrace all things. All goods shall pertain to "the Church," and all professions shall be sacred. Hired labor and wages shall be abolished.

Such was the programme of Saint Simon, and it is hardly necessary to observe how closely it resembles the "Religion of Humanity," as propounded by August Comte, in many of its features. The disciples of Fourier regard their master as "the Columbus of the social world, the true redeemer of mankind, the architect of human happiness, and the sublime revealer of the laws of universal destiny." His leading idea was well calculated to rivet the affections of the natural man. The passions with him were divine impulses, and, in order to be happy, we should follow their guidance and attraction. They are all good and needful in their way, and harmony would result from their having free scope. Place men in phalanxes of 1620 or 1800 heads, and let all in each phalanx obey their natural inclinations, and unity and bliss would be the inevitable result. Let manufactories consist of such companies, and let the choice of labor be free. Let each branch of industry be divided into three parts, and let the happy laborers follow their peculiar bent in selecting that part which suits them the best. Obeying thus the delightful impulse of passion, they cannot but succeed in their labor and reap large material reward. Political candidates would be elected by the several groups and series of the phalanxes, and these representatives would be revocable at will. They themselves would obey the dictates of their constituents or not, as they might think proper; all being alike under the sweet influence of the "passionate attraction." If this sacred principle, he maintains, had been allowed fair play, if lawyers, philosophers, and priests had not interfered with its operation, human life would have been harmonious, as life is among animals, and not martyred, as it is, by violence and oppression, blood and tears.

Cabet was the author of a romance entitled *Voyage en Icarie*, which had great success. Icaria was a communist Utopia—a city of the golden age. Its dreams were almost realized in Paris in 1848; but Lamartine having preferred Moderate Republicanism to the Red Flag, Cabet was fain to cross the seas and try his experiment in Texas, where he purchased a considerable territory and carried his theories into effect. Community of wives was permitted; religion in children was disallowed till they arrived at an age when they could, if they pleased, choose one for themselves; the Fourier laws were enacted, and many deluded emigrants joined the ranks in search of the promised felicity. But dissension ere long invaded the camp, and the wretched Socialists perished under the claws of wild beasts, the strokes of savages, or the pressure of innumerable hardships. A few made their escape from insufferable disaster, and the grand experiment of Icaria came to nought.

Owen was another Communistic architect who succeeded in erecting a small society after his own fashion in Scotland and in the United States. Men, according to his notion, are irresponsible; all religions are impostures, and the only rational religion consists in universal benevolence. When the disciples of this doctrine shall be sufficiently advanced to renounce their per-

sonal property and have all things in common, they will be ready to divide into co-operative societies of two or three thousand heads. Each society will have land proportioned to its members, will live together in one building, and pursue at the same time the arts of agriculture and manufacture. None will labor under fifteen years of age; from that age to five and twenty they will be *productors;* from five and twenty to thirty, *distributors* and *preservers* of production. From thirty years old to forty the co-operatives will be occupied with internal administration, and from forty to sixty they will give advice on questions that may arise. A governing council is to preside over this hierarchy, whose office it will be to procure all the ease and amelioration possible, by means of universal benevolence, and to fix, on rational grounds, the nature of man and the condition of his terrestrial happiness—the only felicity to which he may aspire. Every notion of religion, responsibility, rewards, and punishments, must be tossed to the winds. The three great plagues of humanity being property, religion, and marriage, there cannot be a hope of consummating human happiness until they shall be healed.

Such were the impudent and outrageous proposals of Owen for the regeneration of mankind. Many a Socrates and Plato of olden time would have insisted on more moral and rational conditions. But all the different schemes of Socialists have this in common—that they rebel alike against God, Nature, and Society. Their force of attraction lies in their strangeness and their novelty. There is a certain grandeur in their conceptions, but it is the grandeur of the Evil One. It is irreligion on a huge scale. It would overthrow with a high hand, and build with a mighty one. Nothing will be able eventually to grapple with it but Catholicism, for it finds in all other systems elements homogeneous with its own. It is found under many masks and many euphemisms. We may often discover it under the guise of the different "isms," wherever there is the worship of the idol of the State; but however it may be cloaked, and wherever it may lurk, we must, as Catholics and as citizens, wage war on it, expose it, and condemn it. If we let it live, it will not let us live. It will never tolerate Catholic Christianity and Catholics; Christianity never can tolerate it; can never be cajoled into coming to terms with it, or cease for one moment to resist its insidious and terrible advances.

THE past is very tender at my heart;
Full, as the memory of an ancient friend
When once again we stand beside his grave.
Raking amongst old papers thrown in haste
'Mid useless lumber, unawares I came
On a forgotten poem of my youth.
Filled with the light of suns that are no more,
I stood like one who finds a golden tress
Given by loving hands no more on earth,
And starts, beholding how the dust of years,
Which dims all else, has never touched its light.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

I.

"I SAY, will you lend me a hand, please? I'm in a mess!"

It was a small, boyish voice, that rose somewhat shrilly above the clamor of the birds, and the babbling of the river over which the owner of the voice hung suspended. His arms were thrown round a branch, that bent with his weight. His trim suit of black velvet was the worse for brambles, and his scarlet cap had badges of a mossy green hue upon it. Nevertheless, the round rosy face under the cap had a certain undaunted bravery, that seemed to contradict that sharp tone of dismay in which the boy made his appeal.

The wanderer in the wood below looked up smiling, and said—"Keep a firm grip a moment longer, my man. Now then, hold me fast—that's right. And now tell me what a wee laddie like you can be doing all alone in the wood?"

The boy did not answer; he was busy examining his torn knickerbockers and the patches on his cap. He shook his head at the rents, and began rubbing the cap with his sleeve.

"I'm in for a row," he said, speculatively; "but I should have got a ducking as well if you hadn't passed by. I must have dropped soon—splash—see here!"

The stranger took the little delicate, childish hand in his, and saw that the fingers were grazed and bleeding. "Poor little man!" said he.

"O, that's nothing, you know. But I'm forgetting. Thank you for pulling me down. Let me see, now," said the small man, gravely; "I don't know your face. You don't belong to Corven?"

"No," was the reply.

"A stranger?" said the boy. "From a long way off, eh?"

"Pretty well," was the reply.

"Ah, then you know nothing about it?" said the boy. "That's the village over the water there, and this is Corven Wood—jolly, isn't it?"

"Very jolly!" said the gentleman. "Do your friends know you are here by yourself?"

"O, they know I'm somewhere about," replied the boy; "but of course I shall tell them all about it. That is our house—you can see a bit of the chimneys through the trees. It used to be a farmhouse. But my father doesn't farm—he's a gentleman. Do you have to do anything?—to work, I mean—or are you a gentleman?"

The stranger laughed—a low, quiet laugh, like a musical note. It seemed to strike even the boy, for he stopped rubbing his cap to look curiously into his companion's face. He did not know exactly what there was in the eyes, half grave, half humorous, that met his own. He knew nothing of that strange pathos which has its element of regret, but a larger one, perhaps, of pity, that steals into the heart of the man who has known sorrow, and wrong, and buffeting, at the sight of such a child as this. The boy's life lay before him an unwritten page, and he stood at the beginning of it with a fearless front, thoughtless of care and contemptuous of danger. Involuntarily, however, as he looked into the stranger's face, he drew nearer, and touched the knapsack that was slung over one shoulder.

"I didn't mean that you mightn't be a gentleman, of course," said he; "but then you carry that yourself. Papa doesn't carry his. My name is Antony, but they call me

Tony; what is yours? because I shall have to tell about you."

"My name is Noel Caperne," replied the gentleman, "and I do work for my living. I am a painter."

Master Tony looked again dubiously at the knapsack, and began to think of certain beings with paper caps and an incurable habit of whistling popular airs, who had been occupied about the woodwork of his father's house. He decided that his new friend could not belong to that class.

"O!" said he, "a painter! Well, I tell you what, it would be very jolly if you would come home with me. Papa won't scold me before a stranger. That's what people would call downy of me, isn't it? I am rather a downy chap, and that's the truth. Aunt Lucy would like to thank you. She's fond of me, though she is a bit sharp, sometimes. You won't? I must go, then. Good-by, Mr. Caperne."

The lad went a few steps and turned irresolutely; then he ran back and put out his scarred little fingers to the stranger who worked for his living.

"I forgot to shake hands," said he. "I say, I've got a box of colors, myself, and I should like to see what sort of a hand you are at painting. I almost always bring Aunt Lucy to the wood some time in the day; she likes it. If I come to-morrow will you bring me a picture to look at—a swell one?"

Mr. Caperne put his hand on the child's scarlet cap with a smile.

"I shall be miles away to-morrow, laddie. Good-by, and don't climb. There might not always be a chance wanderer at hand to help you down."

II.

The spring air was very sweet in Corven Wood; and the birds sang to the accompaniment of the rippling river with a jolly abandon that must have fascinated the strange artist. At any rate something did; since he was not miles away on the morrow. He was in the wood again; oddly enough, at about the same hour that had found him there the day before. I don't know whether he expected to meet the small man again, or why he altered his plans; perhaps he did not know himself. He looked over the village, which was to have been simply a pausing-place for refreshment; at the fickle sunshine throwing light and shadows over the wood, which was so beautiful even in the winter bareness, and thought that a day might be well spent in such a place.

Mr. Noel Caperne sat on a mossy stone by the river, and watched a squirrel springing from branch to branch, till the brown fur began to turn into a velvet coat, and he caught himself wandering back to yesterday's adventure, and speculating as to what sort of a reception the little chap had met with at home. All at once, he put his bearded chin into his hands, and bent a perplexed frown upon the river.

"There's something in his face I've seen before," said the artist to himself. "I wonder what it is. A fancy of mine, perhaps. Don't believe that, though. Whatever it is, circumstances not pleasant have to do with it. I am a fool."

Here he broke into a laugh which the very solitude of the wood around him seemed to rebuke and silence. Of course he was a fool. The day was declining, and he had a stage of his journey before him; what was the use of sitting on a moss-covered stone speculating on ghostly resemblances?

As he got up from the stone Mr. Caperne heard voices, and paused. A little below him there was a turn in the path, over which the branches, leafless though they were, fell so thickly that he dared to peep through them without being seen;

and there was Tony, velvet-coated, red-capped, and long-tongued. Mr. Caperne saw something else also, which appeared to him more worthy of attention—only a young girl, with a bunch of violets in her hand, early violets, and sweet, so far as he could judge, since each one travelled to her lips before it was arranged in its place amongst the tiny bits of moss which served as a foil to the blossoms.

"In the first place, Tony," said this young lady, "you had no business 'up a tree,' as you call it—horrid slang! In the next—"

"But, don't I tell you I was after a squirrel," said Tony; "and don't you know how papa hates squirrels? And this was the very chap that ate our nuts in the summer—I knew him by the curl of his tail."

"In the next," proceeded the young lady, calmly, "you must have been shockingly rude to a strange gentleman, by your own account."

"Aunt Lucy, I didn't say he was a gentleman," cried Tony. "He works for his living. Girls never will understand things."

"Very stupid of them, certainly," said Aunt Lucy. "Then you think if I were to soil my hands with anything but flowers, I shouldn't be a lady, eh? They are very sweet, Tony?"

This was about the violets, but the girl looked up as she said it, and Mr. Noel Caperne drew back suddenly, and went away down the path with noiseless footsteps. He went to his room in the queer old inn by the river, and looked at the knapsack, which lay ready for him, but he did not take it up. He threw open the casement instead, and leaned out over the river, where it ran, dark and sullen, under stone arches, and the distant rush of a mill-wheel reached him. But these things were only palpable to him vaguely. What he really saw with his discerning mind's eye was the picture of a girlish face bent over a bunch of violets; and as this rose before him, Mr. Caperne brought his eyebrows together, and said, impatiently, "Where have I seen it before?"

III.

THE mill-wheel sang on its monotone, and the woods began to have a suspicion of green about them; still, the strange gentleman stayed on at the clumsy old inn by the river. People talked about him curiously, which was not of the least consequence; the landlord took credit to himself that the old inn was better worth staying at, after all, than your modern stucco and gingerbread inventions, where men were treated more like sacks of grain than human creatures, with bones to break; and the landlady hinted that her guest must be in love, because he was always mooning about by the waterside, in Corven Wood. He was doing some bit of a painting, too, she thought; but what it was she could not get at to see, for he always locked it up when he went for these rambles. At any rate, the longer he stayed the better for them, since his purse was open, and he never asked questions about the items of his bills, only looking at the amount, and paying it, as a gentleman should do.

Mr. Caperne knew nothing of all this criticism; if he had known it, it would not have affected him in the smallest degree. When he came in one evening and found his hostess bustling about his room in all that agony of putting things to rights which belongs to the nature of orderly housewives, he took no further notice of her movements than by holding the door open with silent patience until it pleased her to take the hint and go. That was what she complained of. He never spoke to her; never asked any questions like other strangers would; never even gave her any opening to en-

lighten him respecting the neighborhood, as she flattered herself she could have done. He simply dismissed her with silent politeness, when she had only been anxious to put his room into something like decent order, and goodness knows it was a disheartening task enough.

"Fidget!" said Mr. Caperne, briefly, as he looked round and proceeded to undo her work. Then he went to a drawer and took out the bit of a picture upon which she had surmised him to be occupied.

Mr. Caperne worked at the picture for an hour diligently; the rush of the mill-wheel fell upon his ear like an accompaniment which custom or association had made pleasant to him. When he stopped to examine his progress, the corners of his mouth turned down with an expression which was not so much annoyance as perplexity. The girlish face was there, bent over the bunch of violets, a perfect likeness in feature and coloring; but that one expression which had so struck and haunted him, the artist could not paint. Whereas in his own mind this expression was dimly associated with wrong and suffering, while he had looked from time to time into the girl's face all idea of such words left him, and he could paint there only what was fresh and sweet and beautiful. It was a beautiful face. Examining it he wondered whether the landlady, if she had chanced to stumble upon the painting in her prying visits, would have recognized the subject of it,—the fairy for whom he stayed in the clumsy inn and haunted the Corven Woods.

The red mounted into his cheeks at this thought. No, it was not for her sake, but for the acquisition of a beautiful picture. And he then looked out upon the mill, and thought that the whirling steps were like men who splash forever in the waters of their own little round, and never look beyond it, or write their mark upon the world outside.

To-day Mr. Caperne had been disappointed. Corven Wood was as bright as ever, the river like a silver sheet in the March sun, and the birds had sung his welcome as usual, but there was no fairy. He began to wonder if it were yet too late. How could he possibly finish his picture without another look at the original? And then there was the chance that they might meet,—accidentally, of course,—and the possibility that she would look up and give him a bow in passing; for Master Tony had found out his rescuer, and darted upon him with noisy glee, and a noisier introduction to Aunt Lucy. It was incumbent upon the artist to lose no chance of making his work as perfect as he could. By this time he had crossed the bridge, and was entering the little footpath that led to Corven Wood. And the landlady, shading her eyes from the western light, peered after him, and said, "There he goes again; I've half a mind to follow and see what is in the wood."

But Mr. Caperne was unconscious of his danger; unconscious that a crisis of his life was at hand, that he was not to return this night nor the next, nor for many nights,—some of them long and weary enough,—to the inn by the river.

He remembered afterwards that some sudden presentiment quickened at once his pulses and his step as he drew near the spot where the path fell steeply down to the river; and a mental speech of his own, made some days before, came across his brain like a flash of fateful meaning.

"The lad is always climbing," he had said to himself, as he watched the little figure swinging like a monkey from branch to branch. "Shouldn't wonder if I have to fish him out some day yet."

And so he had. Almost as soon

as the splash and cry reached him, Mr. Caperne was in the water, seeing, as he sprang, the red cap dangling in its mocking vividness from a bramble above him. It was comparatively easy to lift the drenched boy into a position to be helped to land by the girl standing on the river's brink; but Mr. Caperne did this with his left arm, for somehow his right was powerless. And then a sudden faintness came over him; sparks danced before his eyes; the noise and rush of the mill-wheel seemed to draw nearer, deafening him; and he knew no more.

When Mr. Caperne woke to full consciousness he was in bed in a room which turned round with him for the first few moments, and then was steady again; and at the foot of his bed there was a sturdy little chap cutting a stick, and whistling softly to himself. Mr. Caperne again closed his eyes. He began to have a confused recollection of lying on a moss-covered bank; of feeling soft hands chafing his own; of a passing glimpse into eyes darkened with anxiety,—anxiety for him. He raised the hand that had been so chafed, and passed it across his lips softly; and it seemed to him that the odor of violets lingered about it still. A little while longer he lay and watched the cutting of the stick, till the boy, turning suddenly, said, "Hallo!" and began clambering upon the bed.

"You're to hush, you know," he said, with all the grave authority of a young physician. "But you're better. I'm right glad! Now I must go and tell"—

"Wait one moment, Tony," said Mr. Caperne. "Tell me what it's all about,—and how long I've been here,—and where is 'here?' It's not the inn?"

The boy laughed, and then brought his lips together with an odd contortion.

"I'm not to laugh," said he,—"I don't think I ought to speak. You're sure it won't hurt you?"

"Quite sure," replied Mr. Caperne.

"Well, then," said the boy, "you fished me out of the river and broke your arm. And you'd have been all right long since, but they said fever super—something. O, haven't you talked nonsense, just! There now, you're going red. I shall so catch it!"

"One word more," said Mr. Caperne,—"is this your home?"

"To be sure it is," replied Tony.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Caperne.

The lad jumped down from the bed with as little bustle as was consistent with his turbulent nature, and went away, shutting the door gently after him; but the unwonted caution was lost upon Mr. Caperne, for he lay with his eyes closed dreaming.

"You fished me out of the river and broke your arm."

He remembered it all now,—the sharp, sudden pang, the sparks before his eyes, the roaring mill-wheel. How long was it ago? and who had been his nurse? he wondered. The trees in the wood were bare then,—would they be green now? And his picture, and the half-finished bunch of violets,—what had become of that? Mr. Caperne had painted flowers before, but never with so careful a touch. A vision rose before him of the fidgety landlady in his room; of a big duster, and brooms, and clumsy fingers, that left no corner untouched, and respected no lock. He grew hot as he thought of it, and of his own helplessness. Then all at once a blackbird began to sing in a tree outside the window, and he was back in the woods again, dreaming.

Who talks about the monotonous dreariness of a sick-chamber? Mr. Caperne would have spurned the notion if he had not been too utterly languid and lazy for so much

exertion. Day after day he felt the latent life coming back to him as he lay there, dreaming. Pleasant dreams, but foolish perhaps,—who knows? He never took the trouble to consider. He had visions of a gentle old lady with gray curls and a rather foreign air, whom Tony introduced as "Granny," and who purred about him in his convalescence as though her whole heart were in his comfort and his recovery. He remembered trying to utter his thanks to her; breaking down signally, and then feeling his lips silenced by the touch of the kind old hand upon them.

"You will say no thanks, *mon fils*," said the old lady, stroking his hair as if he had been a child. "You saved our boy; and, madcap as he is, we can never repay you for that."

"If I might see my kind host," pleaded Mr. Caperne, "and assure him that I am sensible of his hospitality"—

"That, you perceive, is impossible, since my son is from home," said the old lady. "He is away, and will probably remain for the next month, so that my patient must be content with his nurse for the present. Now I go to see after luncheon."

Mr. Caperne looked after her with a smile, and the gray curls that always shook and quivered when she talked seemed to have a sort of halo round them. He was dimly happy. The thought of his lonely wandering life, and of returning to it, did come upon him sometimes with a strange sinking of the heart, but he shook it off. He knew whose hand gathered the flowers that decked his table. They brought a sort of mist into the room, out of which there came again to him the eyes saddened with anxiety and the shadowy touch of a soft hand upon his own. He got to know in a roundabout way at what hour Aunt Lucy was accustomed to gather these flowers, and then he never rested until they let him get up and sit at the window, where he could see her without being seen.

One day, in his absorption, Mr. Caperne bent forward to the front of the window, and Aunt Lucy looked up suddenly and saw him. It might have been the pathetic appeal of his pale face, and the coat-sleeve which hung at his side empty, at any rate, Lucy waved her hand with a smile that moved him like sweet music. After this he used to look out for her eagerly, and that little recognition grew to be the event of his day, the one great centre round which all other circumstances clustered vaguely, insignificant accessories, until the day came when he was to be allowed to go down stairs for the first time.

IV.

Aunt Lucy was standing beside an open French window when Mr. Caperne went into the drawing-room, and he knew at once, that the easy-chair drawn up near her was for him, for the man whose past had been a hard battle single-armed, upon whose life for many a weary year had fallen no touch of gentle fingers, no whisper of womanly solicitude. There was a rose in the bosom of her light spring dress, and a tall arum thrust forth its blossom from behind her.

Mr. Caperne saw all this in his one hurried glance. He will see it again many a time in days to come. It became for him one of those photographs which the brain has a trick of taking for our ceaseless torment or happiness. She came forward to meet him, holding out her hand, and in his eagerness he quitted the arm on which he leaned. He was weaker than he had thought. The carpet grew unsteady beneath his feet; the tall arum multiplied itself a dozen

times; and, but for that outstretched hand, he knew that he must have fallen.

"You have been imprudent," said Lucy, quietly. "My mother should have kept you prisoner a little longer, though I know how weary the days must be."

It was the voice he had heard in the wood, nearer to him now, speaking to him, and about him.

"Weary!" repeated Mr. Caperne, slowly. "I think that they have been the happiest days I ever spent."

She turned from him half smiling, as Tony gave vent to a whistle of boyish contempt for such an idea of happiness.

"In that case it was lucky I dropped into the river," said Tony. "But it is an odd notion. I know I shouldn't like it; and I'm sure Aunt Lucy wouldn't either. Why, she's out all day long, amongst the flowers, or the pigeons, or the green ducks,—such swell ducks! Mr. Caperne. You wouldn't believe what a quacking they set up at the sight of us? But you shall see them. Here comes Granny; and now, Aunt Lucy, go to the piano, and we'll have a jolly evening."

Mr. Caperne leaned back in his chair, and listened. Through the open window he felt the soft spring air, all flower-scented, on his cheek, as he watched the tiny white clouds chasing each other, and fell into a hazy sort of speculation upon the strange chance that had brought him here.

When the music ceased, and Mr. Caperne looked up, the clicking of madame's knitting-needles ceased too, abruptly. She gave him a little peremptory nod from her seat in the corner, rose up briskly, like the resolute nurse she was, and then he knew that his evening was over, and he was to be sent away.

V.

"I WOULD rather live than merely exist," said Mr. Caperne. "If the pains are keener, so are the joys."

He did not at once get an answer from Lucy, for the "green" ducks were about her feet, gobbling up her bounty with noisy enjoyment, while Tony threw stones into the pool for a drenched retriever to bring out. Mr. Caperne might have gone on with his philosophy, but Lucy gave him her empty basket, saying lightly,—"That's a slur on my poor ducks, I suppose. It is getting late, Mr. Caperne, and the little stream hangs out foggy signals. You had better go in."

Mr. Noel Caperne followed, not quite satisfied. He wanted to say something about going away; for of course, now that he was comparatively strong again, there was no excuse for remaining; but somehow, the words would not come. He looked back upon the days that had passed since he first left his sick-room, and wondered to find that he could not count them. He had had his puzzles and perplexities. It occurred to him one day, with a sudden sense of awkwardness, that he had never known by what name to thank his good Samaritans. When he spoke of this, stammering, Tony broke into a wild fit of nonsense, which madame checked with an uplifted finger, and a curious compression of her lips.

"You are not to thank us at all, sir. I thought I had made that plain. As to names," she went on, after a little pause, "you will say Aunt Lucy and Granny, as Tony does; or you may call me madame, after my son's fashion, if you prefer it. I am French, you know,—at least I was. You should feel at home with us now, *mon fils*."

The quick red came up into Mr. Caperne's face at the words. Though she had used them before, yet they seemed just then to take a new significance.

"Tell me," said the old lady softly, "is it not so?"

"Madame," said Mr. Caperne, "you have been everything to me, —more than I have words to express."

He was in an abnormal and unreasoning state of mind. With Lucy he had arrived at that stage when it seems impossible to make use of any name at all, and by and by he forgot all about it. To-night, as he took his usual seat at the window and watched her closing it carefully to shut out the river fog for his sake, Mr. Caperne turned away with a great sigh, the meaning of which Tony instantly demanded.

"I'm like a spoilt child, my boy, that's all," replied the painter. "It's time to go back to school, and I'm fractious that my holiday is over."

"Holiday, indeed!" repeated Tony. "And what do you want to leave us for? Hasn't Granny been good to you?"

"Only too good," he replied.

"And haven't I?" said Tony. "And hasn't Aunt Lucy? I say she has, although you wouldn't give her the portrait, you know."

Involuntarily the two looked at each other. Mr. Caperne had finished his picture, and meant to keep it; but when Lucy begged for a copy of the bunch of violets, what could he do but put his heart and soul into each tiny blossom as it rose to life under his hand?

"I tell you it isn't everybody that she cuts the choice flowers for," continued the boy. "Don't you like us, Mr. Caperne?"

"Yes, Tony," he replied.

"Then what's the good of going away?" said Tony. "It's a curious thing now, isn't it?" continued the young philosopher, catching Lucy's dress. "Why does one like people?"

She only laughed and said it was a question for the chemists, but Noel Caperne raised his head quickly at that.

"You wouldn't put the wine of life into an alembic, would you?" said he. "We don't want that analyzed, I think."

He saw the faint color pass over her cheek, and leave it pale again, but she did not answer.

"To be sure," proceeded Tony, returning to the subject; "perhaps you do find it a bit dull with Granny and Aunt Lucy, but then there's me. And I can show you lots of jolly places where womankind would be afraid to venture. You don't know what cowards they are. You haven't any belonging to you?"

The painter's face grew dark. "No, laddie," he replied, "I had a sister once."

"Had you?" said Tony. "Was she like you? Were you fond of her?"

Mr. Caperne saw Lucy touch the boy's lips with her finger, and he bent forward in a sudden tumult of gratitude.

"Shall I tell you about her?" he asked.

"If you will," said Tony.

"You are very quiet here," said Mr. Caperne gently. "Your life seems so calm and untroubled that it has occurred to me more than once to wonder what you would think of my past if you knew it. What would you say if I told you I was once a murderer at heart?"

Lucy looked up at him, but she did not speak, and Tony drew nearer with a gesture of profound appreciation. Mr. Caperne put his hand on the boy's head, but it was still to Lucy that he spoke.

"You don't seem half so shocked as you ought," he said. "Perhaps in these sensation days the announcement is not very startling. It is true, nevertheless. I will tell you about it.

"My little sister was not strong, and we used to spend the hot months by the seaside. Well, in one of those months I found out that a chance acquaintance had become

more to her than ever I could be or had been. You will understand that it seemed a little hard at first. She was all I had to care for in the world. The stranger was poor, but spoke largely of his hopes for the future; he was a barrister. I did what I could. I stipulated for a year's grace in which to test that large language of his, and they parted. There was a little old church standing on the top of the hill, which my sister had always preferred to the more fashionable and crowded town churches below. It was there I found her that evening when he was gone; her two hands resting on the churchyard wall, and her face looking out seaward towards the sunset; but when she turned at my footstep I knew the light that shone there was not for me any more.

"My story is not a new one. There came letters, often at first, then more seldom; at last they ceased. Twelve months after the parting in the churchyard I read of that man's marriage. He had sold himself for money. You will think, perhaps, that I should consider this giving me back my sister, and be glad; but there is a little more to tell. She was very patient and good; his name was never mentioned between us, but I knew what those solitary walks meant. I could read the listless, far-away eyes that needed many words from me before they could be called back to any present interest.

"I thought I would work hard for a short time, and then take my sister abroad amongst new scenes, but I never did it. One day I heard my studio door open softly, and my poor little girl stood beside me like the pale patient ghost of what she once had been.

"'Noel,' she said, 'don't be angry with me. I want to see the little church on the hill once again.'

"I drew her down close to me and spoke of my scheme, but she only shook her head sadly, and laid it on my shoulder like a tired child.

"'Noel,' she said, 'I want to tell you something, and you must not think I am fanciful. I believe I am very ill,—dying. Let me see the church once more.'"

Mr. Caperne stopped a moment to stroke the curly head on which his hand rested.

"I knew what was in her mind then," he resumed, "but I could not thwart her, and I was right. I left my sister at rest in the little churchyard on the hill, just where she leaned over the wall one balmy evening, looking out into the sunlit west; and the waves must rock her to sleep," finished Mr. Caperne, softly.

"Now, is it any wonder that I was a murderer at heart?" he said. "I wandered to and fro over the earth seeking vengeance, but I have never found him yet."

"Mr. Caperne," said Lucy, slowly, "have you forgiven?"

He looked up at her with a strange mixture of wistfulness and determination in his face.

"No, I am not a murderer now," he replied; "but I will tell you what I have done. I have knelt on the grave in the little churchyard and vowed a vow never to touch the hand of this man or any belonging to him in fellowship; to remember, as long as I live, that there is blood between us."

Lucy's heart sank with some undefinable fear and foreboding, and she put her hand on his sleeve, hardly conscious of the act.

"Mr. Caperne!" she said.

Then he forgot that there were others in the room, for he took the delicate fingers in his own, and said, "Do you blame me, Lucy? You must not,—you of all people in the world. I could not lose your good opinion, and live."

No one but the person they were meant for heard those last two words; but at this juncture ma-

dame's knitting-needles, which had long been silent, were put away, and she crossed the room hurriedly, and went out. Half an hour afterwards Lucy found her standing before the portrait of a boy, painted some twenty years ago. The kind old hands were pressed together tightly, and the lips were moving; but when her daughter spoke, she only stooped, and kissed the girl's forehead, with a brief good night.

As for Noel, he was leaning against his window, looking at the moonlight over the river, and the gray church-tower, and the trees; and there was a strange tumult in his heart.

"Why did I tell her?" he mused. "I don't know, but I feel better for it, calmer. She did not turn away from me. She would have me forgive. Would she forgive, I wonder, in such a case? I meant to go away to-morrow, it is true, but I cannot. I cannot put the cup from my lips just yet,—the opium cup which brings such dreams as mine. I do not write poetry, because every day is a poem, sweeter than mortal hand could write. The whole world has changed its face, I think. Will there be any awakening for me, I wonder? and how, and when?"

VI.

THUS was the awakening. They were bending together over the piano, Mr. Caperne carelessly turning over the piles of music, when something seemed to startle him, and he stood upright, with his hand pointing to a name, written in a bold, straggled hand, on one of the songs, "Julian Dudley."

"This belongs to" — he stammered, — "tell me."

Lucy looked up at him, in sudden wonder. She did not know why, but the same instinctive terror which had smitten her at the artist's story, smote her now as she looked at him.

"Tell me," repeated Noel,—"not your brother?"

"Yes," she replied; "but—"

"But," interrupted Noel, with whitening lips, "in all these books, in Tony's, and your brother's books—"

"Mr. Caperne, do you know you frighten me! What is it?"

Noel looked into her face once, as a man looks at a treasure which is to be taken away from him; he just said, "God help us both!" and turned towards the door. It opened as he reached it. There were sounds of an arrival in the hall, and he stood face to face with the host whom he had so longed to thank.

The eyes of this man fell as they met Noel's; there was a weak, imploring gesture of his hands, and a hurried, nervous "Not here! not here, for pity's sake! Come with me."

Noel followed into the room opposite; he closed the door behind him, and set his back against it.

"Julian Dudley, I have found you at last then," said Noel.

"Caperne," said Mr. Dudley, putting up his hands, deprecatingly, "listen to me!"

"At last!" repeated Noel; "only to know that I have shared your roof, and eaten your bread. I wonder it didn't choke me. I wish it had. I wish"—

"I ask you to hear me, Caperne," said Julian. "After that, load me with your curses, if you will; but hear me first. Look at me! Am I not old before my time;—a broken man? Heaven is my witness that I have suffered enough to satisfy even you. You think I did a wanton and cruel thing in the days gone by. It was wicked, but not wanton. I have never loved as I did then. But even when I dared to win her, I was in debt, Noel, and knew not where to turn for money. I had been wild. You see I confess all. I could make nothing of my profession; things grew

worse with me, and at last I was arrested. The only terms on which my friends would help me were that I should marry the woman, who was a good wife to a bad husband as long as she lived. Think of it. What could I do? What hope was there for that other engagement? I wrote to her," said Mr. Dudley, quickly, seeing the gathering wrath in Noel's face, "and told all, but I got no answer."

"She never had your letter," said Noel.

"I will pass over the rest briefly," said Dudley. "I gave up the profession that never had been more than a name. With my wife's fortune, there was no need of it. When I heard of your sorrow, Noel, which was my sorrow too,—a darker one than yours,—I thought my heart must break. We left home and wandered about for years, till my wife grew homesick, and I bought this place. Have patience a little longer. I knew who you were of course when you heaped coals of fire on my head, and were brought here hurt. I knew also that, if you found me out, nothing would induce you to stay in the house. I told my mother the story in part,—only my mother, mind; bade her keep you ignorant of the name as long as possible, and I went to Scotland. They told me you were going away last week, or I would not have come home."

"The work was done," said Noel, grimly. "I had found you out; your presence was not needed to teach me whose guest I had been."

"Hear me out, Caperne," said Dudley. "I have had a hope; I have prayed for it to come true. I hoped that in time you might take happiness from my hands, as you once took sorrow. Noel, I am humble enough; let me have your pardon."

Noel laughed, a hard metallic laugh, with no mirth in it. "I vowed a vow on my sister's grave, Mr. Dudley. I owe you a double debt now: the wreck of my own life as well as that other one. Ask forgiveness elsewhere."

He opened the door and passed out into the shrubbery, where he had walked so often with Lucy. He put up his hand over his eyes, for her face met him at every turn as he had seen it last, when she said that he frightened her. There was a little path leading from the shrubbery into Corven Wood, and Noel took it. He went away far into the wood, and threw himself down in that very spot where first the childish accents of appeal had reached him; and the little stream ran brawling by, the mill-wheel sang in the distance, and all the wood was full of pleasant sounds. Imagination plays strange tricks with a man at such times as these. He heard the babbling of the river, and the mill-wheel, and the birds, but plainer than any of them there rang through his brain one sentence, spoken by a voice which he must never listen to again, "Mr. Caperne, have you forgiven?"

No, he had not forgiven; he could not forgive. In that evil hour Noel said hard things of the fate that had brought him hither; the fate he once thought so wonderfully happy. He did not fully know yet the heaviness of the blow that had fallen upon him; he was like a man stunned and only half conscious; shrinking from the examination into his hurt, which yet he was aware must come. He knew now what was that ghostly resemblance which had so troubled him at first, both in Tony's boyish features, and afterwards in Lucy's face as she bent over the violets. At that thought Mr. Caperne sprang up to leave the wood which he might never see more; he went away along the path to the bridge under which the stream ran sullen and dark,—there he paused to look round, and he said, with his eyes

far away beyond Corven Wood, "Never again,—never!"

VII.

FIVE years since Noel Caperne found Julian Dudley's name on the bit of music; five years since he lay on the grass, reviling the pleasant music of the wood, which jarred upon his misery; and he was back again; gray amongst his hair, weariness in his look and listless gait; back beside the brawling stream, wondering dimly what had brought him there; stirred to the very bottom of his soul by the sweet and bitter memories that hung about the place, but rigid as ever in the resolve that had written its lines by this time in his face. He wandered about the wood until the evening dews began to fall; then he saw the foggy signals rise on the breast of the river, and remembered the voice that used to warn him of their danger. What on earth had he come here for? He crossed the bridge, and heard the familiar wheel, without wishing to hear it. He got away to the old inn by the river, and asked for lodging. At first the landlady stared at him as she would at a stranger in that quiet place; then suddenly, with a start, she gave him the usual courtesy, and led the way to his old room. Mr. Caperne paused on the threshold, and held back.

"Can't you put me somewhere else?" he said, with a little impatience. "But no, never mind; perhaps this is best after all."

The landlady thought so too. She watched him throw down his knapsack wearily; she tried in vain to tempt him in the matter of supper; and when his persistent replies that he wanted only rest and quiet, and should remain but one night, drove her to the last extremity, she went forward with some hesitation and unlocked the drawer which used to contain the artist's mysterious painting.

"If you please, sir," she said, "the packet."

"The packet?" repeated Mr. Caperne, vacantly. "I left none that I am aware of."

"No, sir," she replied; "but the young lady—Miss Dudley—Miss Lucy, as she is called about here—"

"Well, what of her?" said Noel, turning sharply from the window.

"Nothing, sir," said the landlady; "only she left this; it's years ago now. We were to forward it, but we never could find out where. We've kept it safe, sir, and I'm sure—"

"Thanks," interrupted Noel. "Leave it, please. Good night."

When the landlady was gone, Noel got up and locked his door. He struck his hands together roughly as he sat down again, for they were trembling, and then he opened the little parcel which Lucy had left. Noel laid it down upon the table beside him, and put his hands over his face, with a gasp. It was the little painting he had done for her,—the bunch of violets. Did ever flowers look at him with eyes like those before? For the moment, when the woman first spoke, it had flashed across him that she was going to tell him Lucy was dead. He sat there terror-stricken still at the shock. It had never occurred to him in all these years that she might suffer even as his little sister suffered. His own misery, his own pride and vengeance, left no room for such a thought; but it came to him now, as he sat with her token before him, and remembered all. What had he done? He never knew how long he sat there; the landlady declared that she heard him walking up and down all night like a madman, or some one who had committed a great crime, as indeed, who could answer for it that he had not? But it was late in the morn-

ing when he left his room, sane enough to all appearance, dressed very much as he had been used to dress five years ago, and took the path towards Corven Wood, careless of the curious eyes that watched him.

It was in the sweet freshness of early summer that Noel Caperne passed once more into the well-known shrubbery, and found Lucy amongst her flowers. She stood up when she saw him, and then the color left her face, and she drew back the hands he would have taken.

"Lucy, Lucy!" he cried, "won't you speak to me? Won't you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said Lucy, coldly. She had been stronger than the little girl who was at rest in the churchyard on the hill. And then, seeing his altered looks, she added, faltering a little, "My brother"—

"What drew me hither, Lucy? I could not know that I should find my poor little painting waiting for me, rejected. You have conquered through your token; take it again from me."

A little while they stood silent, Lucy trying to be calm, Mr. Caperne to read the face that changed so often. At last he spoke again.

"I have loved you so long and so well, Lucy; I have been so wretched a wanderer; give me hope."

"Your vow?" said Lucy, briefly.

"Was wicked, and ought not to be kept," said Noel. "I wait to give my hand to Julian Dudley, if he will take it. Let me see your face that I may know if I am forgiven."

She raised it to him simply, with the sunlight on it, and he put out his arms.

"You will not send me away, my love?" said Noel.

"No," was the low muttered reply.

A TRUE KNIGHT.

THOUGH he lived and died among us,
Yet his name may be enrolled
With the knights whose deeds of daring
Ancient chronicles have told.

Still a stripling, he encountered
Poverty, and struggled long,
Gathering force from every effort
Till he knew his arm was strong.

Then his heart and life he offered
To his radiant mistress, Truth;
Never thought, or dream, or faltering
Marred the promise of his youth.

And he rode forth to defend her,
And her peerless worth proclaim;
Challenging each recreant doubter
Who aspersed her spotless name.

First upon his path stood Ignorance,
Hideous in his brutal might;
Hard the blows and long the battle
Ere the monster took his flight.

Then, with light and fearless spirit,
Prejudice he dared to brave,
Hunting back the lying craven
To her black sulphureous cave.

Followed by his servile minions,
That old giant, Custom, rose;
Yet he, too, at last was conquered
By the good knight's weighty blows.

Then he turned, and, flushed with victory,
Struck upon the brazen shield
Of the world's great king, Opinion,
And defied him to the field.

Once again he rose a conqueror,
And, though wounded in the fight,
With a dying smile of triumph,
Saw that Truth had gained her right.

On his failing ear re-echoing
Came the shouting round her throne;
Little cared he that no future
With her name would link his own.

Spent with many a hardfought battle,
Slowly ebbed his life away,
And the crowd that flocked to greet her
Trampled on him where he lay.

Gathering all his strength, he saw her
Crowned, and reigning in her pride;
Looked his last upon her beauty,
Raised his eyes to God, and died.

MAN IN WINTER.

THERE is something very peculiar, but remarkably adapted to the general constitution of man, as compared with other animals, pointing directly to certain great ends and principles of his existence, and confirming, in a very striking manner, the character impressed by the Creator on his works. Man is, of all animals, the least provided with natural means of defence from his numerous enemies, as far as relates to his bodily powers, and the most scantily supplied with means of protection from the vicissitudes of climate. He is born unclothed, and utterly helpless; he grows up slowly to manhood, amidst a thousand difficulties and dangers. During the first period of his existence, he must necessarily depend on the good offices of others for the means of preserving life; and in the last stage he descends into all the feebleness, inactivity, and dependence of a second childhood. It is not so with other animals. The intention of the Creator in thus throwing the infant on the immediate protection and tender assiduities of his parents, is not unkind, but the very reverse. Constituted as man is, such a state of dependence on the one hand, and of guardianship on the other, is of the highest importance to the development of the moral, and even of the intellectual faculties, and impresses a character of affection and of mutual sympathy on the human heart, which extends from the family circle to the whole relations of life; and while it binds society together by the strongest ties, sheds over it the most endearing charm.

But it is not in this view that we are led at present to consider the subject. We have to inquire how this naked and houseless creature finds shelter and protection from the rigors of winter; and this throws us into a wide but most interesting field of inquiry, leading as it does, to a consideration of the peculiar provisions and adaptations by which the energies of the human mind are called forth and disciplined. The sentence which has passed on fallen man is, "*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the ground;*" and by the peculiar ordinance of a wonder-working Providence, that which is his curse is converted into the means of giving vigor and enlargement to his mental powers. It is by the pressure of necessity, and the urgency of want, that our natural aversion from labor and love of inaction are overcome. To prove this, we do not need to revert to the theories of sophists, or to follow man through his fancied stages of advancement, from his lowest grade,—a savage roamer of the forest, feeding on nuts and roots,—till we find him, first a hunter and fisher, then a shepherd, next a tiller of the soil, and, last of all, a man of commerce, and an adept in the arts and sciences. In the supposed steps of this progress, history does not bear us out; but we do know, from all history, as well as from daily experience, that the wants of man stimulate his ingenuity; that these wants increase with the power of gratifying them, while the ingenuity which supplies them keeps pace with his enlarging desires, and that thus there is a constant action and reaction, which by a most wonderful and interesting process, urges man from stage to stage of improvement, till he becomes what we find him to be—in the most advanced stage of society—a being as different in his mental attainments from the wandering savage, as the lordly elephant, in his bodily powers, is from the blind worm of the earth. The human mind is mighty and

various in its powers; but before these powers become available to any great extent, they must be excited by external objects, and trained and moulded by discipline, and enlightened by the accumulated wisdom of ages; and for the performance of these important functions, the circumstances and condition of external nature are admirably suited.

This observation applies universally, and might be illustrated in a thousand ways; but take the case immediately before us,—the necessity of protection from the vicissitudes of the seasons. In what state do we find civilized man? Think of the comforts and conveniences which he has accumulated around him for the purpose in view. This naturally naked and helpless creature makes the whole creation, both animate and inanimate, tributary to his defence from the wintry blasts, and from the summer's heat. The hemp, the flax, the cotton plant, and the inner bark of various trees, yield their vegetable stores; the sheep gives its fleece; the silkworm its web; the cow her hide; the goose and eiderduck their down; the beaver, the ermine; and the bear their fur, that his want of natural clothing may be supplied; and that, by adapting his covering to the peculiarity of the climate, he may either brave the rigors of a polar sky, or support, without material inconvenience, the fierce rays of a tropical sun. Again, attend to his place of residence. What conveniences! what comforts! what luxuries! Within his own limited locality Providence has given him everything necessary for the supply of his wants. Everywhere there is to be found stone, and lime, and wood, and iron, or some useful substitutes. Of these, the cottage, the villa, and the palace, are all equally constructed. There is, elaborated by his industry, from materials readily within his reach, glass to admit light and exclude the chilly blast; there are coals, or logs, or peat, for fire to warm; there are downy beds for necessary rest; and, if ambition or luxury looks farther, the East brings its perfumes and its gems; the West and the South their precious metals and their ornamental furniture; the North its oil, to supply artificial day: all climates, and all countries, contribute of their abundance and their varieties to supply the cravings of a constantly increasing and never satisfied appetite for accumulation and enjoyment. And so it is that the very privations and disadvantages, with which man comes into the world, become the means by which the desire of acquiring and improving is stimulated, till, by means of his mental qualities, he rises above the lower animals and deservedly earns for himself the title, which his bodily faculties could never have merited, of being emphatically lord of this nether sphere.

If, from the view of the exercise given to genius and talent, in counteracting the privations of winter, we turn to the provisions which have been bountifully made in external nature for affording scope to these faculties, we shall find additional cause of admiration. The first thing worthy of remark in this department of the subject is that, speaking generally, the materials by which exposure to the inclemency of the season may be obviated lie patent and abundant in those climates where such inconveniences are liable to be felt. In proportion as we penetrate into the colder regions animals are found in greater plenty, whose coats of soft and downy fur, furnished by the beneficent Creator for their own protection, when transferred to the human body, defy the wintry storms. If we approach still nearer the polar circle we discover a provision which renders even these regions of gloom and intense cold habitable during

the severest part of the year. The enormous tenants of the icy seas, which surround these inhospitable coasts, not only furnish the inhabitants with food, but, being enveloped in immense loads of fat, yield to them all that is needful, both for light and heat, in their dark and chilly winter months. Nay, the very snow which clothes nature as in a winding sheet, and seems to augur nothing but desolation and death, is converted, by the ingenuity of man, into a comfortable habitation, and thus becomes a preserver of life and a means of enjoyment. Then, again, if we speak of fuel, how bountiful is Providence in supplying those exhaustless forests of pine in the northern regions, and those immense fields of coal in various climates, by which frost is charmed away from the dwellings of the inhabitants. Can we believe it to be without design that such amazing magazines of combustible matter should be deposited within our temperate zones? And does it not add to the wonder of this provision that coal is known to be a vegetable production of a climate altogether different from that in which it is found—a climate probably not inferior in warmth, and in the power of nourishing vegetation, to the most favored of tropical regions? When, and under what circumstances, did that profusion of gigantic trees and plants cover the face of the earth and luxuriate in the sunshine and the shower of a blessed climate which, under the name of surturbrand, has erected the platform on which northern Iceland rears its burning mountain and spreads its rugged hills and plains? and in America, the new land of manufacturers, buoyant with youthful enterprise, has laid up those amazing stores of fuel, which many centuries of human toil and industry can scarcely be said to diminish? A mystery hangs over the subject, which the geologist, with all his acuteness, shall probably in vain attempt to penetrate; but it is enough for our present purpose to know the fact. By whatever natural catastrophe these ancient woods and forests were submerged, there they are, collected in the most convenient localities, at once for furnishing the means of comfort during the rigors of an uncongenial winter, and for affording facilities to the increase of human power in the cultivation and improvement of the arts of life.

Fuel implies the use of fire, and this leads us to look at some of the properties of that wonderful element, which on the hearth and in the lamp contributes so materially to the comforts of winter. This is the very same element which, by its subtle and all-pervading powers, gives light and warmth to the world. In all our excursions over the surface of the globe, innumerable objects excite our admiration, and contribute to our delight. But whether our gratitude is awakened by the verdure of the earth, and the lustre of the waters, or the freshness of the air, it is to the beneficial agency of heat that we are indebted for them all. Without the presence and effects of heat the earth would be an impenetrable rock, incapable of supporting animal or vegetable life; the waters would be forever deprived of their fluidity and motion, and the air of its elasticity and its utility. Heat animates, invigorates, and beautifies all nature. Its influence is absolutely necessary to enable plants to grow, put forth their flowers, and perfect their fruits. It is closely connected with the powers of life, since animated beings lose their vitality when heat is withdrawn. Such is the influence of this powerful agent in the kingdoms of nature; nor is this influence diminished in the provinces of art. It is with the aid of heat that rocks are rent, and the hidden treasures of the earth obtained.

Matter is modified ten thousand ways by its agency, and rendered subservient to the uses of man, furnishing him with useful and appropriate instruments, warm and ornamental clothing, wholesome and delicious food, needful and effectual shelter. Heat is the principle of fire, under whatever modification it may appear; and nothing can be more worthy of admiration than the fact, that an element of such tremendous power, whose operations are on so vast a scale, and whose mastery is so fearful, should yet be capable of being subjected to the service of man, in the most menial offices, and in that capacity should become so mild and tractable. What human mind, in the wildest flights of its fancy, could, previous to experience, have conceived the existence of an agent, which appals nature with its angry roar, and, rending the clouds, darts its livid bolts from heaven to earth, or uprears mountains in its throes, and, opening the solid crust of the globe, overwhelms whole regions with torrents of melted rock, poured forth like water; or more amazing still, which displays its might and glory in shedding the effulgence of day over the smiling earth, and regulating the changes of the seasons, and calling the wonders of vegetation from the solid land, while it causes the liquid seas to flow — which performs all these wonders and a thousand more, and yet is so entirely under the control of man, and so subservient to his use, that it remains meekly glimmering amidst mouldering ashes in the grate, ready at his command to cheer and enlighten his winter evenings, by blazing from a taper, or to employ its obsequious powers for whatever purpose of culinary preparation, or of genial warmth, his necessities or enjoyments may require.

Besides the adaptation of external nature to the relief of man from the severities of winter, we have another proof of beneficent intention in the adaptation of the human constitution itself to the endurance of these severities. It was consistent with the wisdom of the Creator that the only rational race of beings on our globe should be dispersed over every climate, and should carry intelligence and mental enjoyment, and a heart capable of feeling and acknowledging the Almighty Benefactor into every corner of the earth. We accordingly find that the human frame can exist, not only under the vertical sun of the tropics, but under the chilling blasts and widespread snows of the polar regions. Every climate, and almost every country, exhibits some peculiarity in the constitution, and even in the external appearance of the inhabitants, which indicates this power. The well-known varieties in the color of the skin, with its different shades of white, yellow, red, brown, and black, is an example of this. The color of the eyes, and of the hair, and the shape of the nose, the cheek-bones and the lips, are other familiar instances of a distinction of races in connection with food and climate, as well as other local circumstances. The profuse perspiration of the negro, under the heat of the tropics, and the stunted growth and thick-set form of the Laplander, and native of Greenland, where food is scanty, and the cold intense, are obvious marks of wise and beneficent design. The perspiration diminishing the heat of the one, while the concentrated frame of the other, on the contrary, preserves the animal warmth; and while it probably increases the bodily strength, and thus gives additional power both of exertion and endurance, affords the faculty of existence on a diminished quantity of food. The state of the negro is well known, and therefore need not be dwelt on; but as the condition

of the polar regions is less familiar, and comes more immediately under our present subject, it may be proper to show how far the view we have taken of their bodily constitution corresponds with their known habits and powers.

We pass to view man, placed by the hand of Providence amid the horrors of the Frozen Zone, where summer hardly ever penetrates, even in its least striking characteristics; where the solar heat is barely sufficient to dissolve, for a few months, the superficial snow on the lower grounds, or the southern slopes, and to awaken the vegetable world to so languid a life, that even the hardier tribes of herbivorous animals find, though in diminished numbers, but a meagre subsistence. It would be difficult to conjecture any inducement which could have led originally to the voluntary occupation by man, of so inhospitable and sterile an abode; and we are constrained to rest in the idea, that in the accomplishment of the divine intention of peopling the globe, the Supreme Governor has urged mankind, by some mysterious impulse, independent of his natural inclinations. Furnished with a power of accommodation to all climates, and aided and prompted by circumstances, man has often unconsciously fulfilled the first command of his Creator, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." Issuing from the Plain of Shinar to every point of the compass, the human race, after filling up the fertile regions of the Asiatic continent, radiated thence toward all quarters of the globe; till, after the lapse of ages, they had brought the most inhospitable regions and most distant islands under their dominion. In this process even the wastes of Siberia, and the snowy deserts of Boothia Felix, received a portion of the human family. God, by whom they were conducted, and who had implanted within them an indomitable perseverance, and an amazing versatility of mind, had also prepared for them, even there, the means of subsistence; and though hardships were to be encountered, and difficulties to be overcome, of which the inhabitants of more favored climes were ignorant, there was spread for them, in the various kingdoms of nature, a provision ample enough to satisfy all their real wants.

We find that objects, which, in temperate latitudes like ours, are regarded as useless or troublesome, are those capable of being turned to the most valuable account; that the snow, for example, which, to our delicate feet, is cold, and damp, and disagreeable, grows in importance as we travel toward this ultimate corner of the earth. In the native country of the Esquimaux it affords shelter and warmth, as well as facilities of easy transit. It is true we shall not discover, in these wild and miserable districts, accommodations either so choice or so convenient as in temperate regions; nor will our general argument thus be weakened. God, who has arranged the various orders of his creatures, has kindly bestowed upon some advantages which He has seen fit to withhold from others; and whilst we perceive that this is consistent with the general system of His Providence throughout our degenerate world, it is enough for us to know that even amid the darkness and horrors of an Arctic winter we can find ample reason to adore that goodness, which, under circumstances apparently hopeless, has provided a sufficiency for the sustenance of a considerable proportion of His rational creatures.

CASILDA, THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

I.

The Moor Almenon—with whom Don Ferdinand the Great, King of Castile, maintained a cordial friendship—was King of Toledo.

This Moorish king had a most beautiful and tender-hearted daughter, named Casilda.

A Castilian slave had related to the Moorish king's daughter that the Christians loved their God, their parents, their brethren, and their wives. This slave had also told the daughter of the Moorish king how the Christians are never left motherless; for when they lose the one who bore them, there still remains another, named Mary, who is an immortal mother.

Years and years passed away, and Casilda grew in body, and in beauty, and in virtue. Death deprived her of her mother; and then she envied the happiness of the Christian orphans.

On the confines of the garden that surrounded the palace of the Moor were a number of dark dungeons, where many Christian captives, hungry and laden with chains, sighed for liberty.

It happened one day that Casilda, walking in the gardens of her father, heard the sighs of these poor captives. Her heart filled with sorrow; the Moorish princess returned to the palace weeping bitterly.

At the door of the palace Casilda met her father, and kneeling down at his feet, she said:

"My father and my lord, in the dungeons on the other side of the gardens sigh many captives. Strike off their chains; open for them the doors of their prison; and let them go back to the land of the Christians, where are weeping for them parents, brethren, wives, and lovers."

In the depth of his heart the Moor blessed his daughter for her goodness, and he loved Casilda as the apple of his eye. The poor Moor had no other daughter than her.

The poor Moor loved Casilda, because she was his child; and, moreover, because she was the living image of the cherished spouse whose loss he had mourned for years.

But the Moor, before being a father, was a Mohammedan, and a king; and, therefore, he thought himself bound to punish the audacity of his daughter.

For to pity the Christian captives, and to ask their liberty, was a crime that the prophet commanded to be punished with death.

He therefore dissembled the gladness of his heart, and said to Casilda, with an angry air and threatening voice:

"Away, unbeliever, away! Thy tongue shall be cut out, and thy body given to the flames; for such punishment merit those who plead for the Christians!"

And he was about to call on the executioners, in order to give up to them his daughter.

But Casilda fell again at his feet, asking pardon by the memory of her mother—of the queen, whose death Almenon had mourned for years.

The poor Moor felt the tears rushing to his eyes, and pressing his daughter to his heart, he pardoned her, saying:

"Refrain, my child, from again petitioning for the Christians, and even from pitying them; for then there will be no mercy for thee. The holy prophet has written: 'Destroyed shall the believer be who destroyeth not the infidels.'"

II.

THE birds sang; the sky was blue; in the golden sunshine the flowers opened, and the gentle morning breeze bore to the Moorish king's palace the perfume from the gardens.

Casilda was full of sorrow, and to banish her melancholy thoughts she drew near to the window.

The gardens then appeared to her so beautiful that, unable to resist their charm, she descended, there to walk away her sadness under the shade of the sweet-smelling trees.

It is related that the angel of compassion, in the form of a brilliant butterfly, started up at her feet, and enchanted her heart and her eyes.

The butterfly flew away—flew from flower to flower, Casilda following without being able to overtake it, until a strong wall stopped the way; over this the butterfly disappeared, leaving the child immovable and enraptured at the foot.

Behind this wall Casilda heard mournful lamentations; and then she remembered that there, hungry and laden with chains, sighed the poor Christians, for whom, in Castile, were weeping parents, brethren, wives, and lovers; and charity and compassion strengthened her soul, and enlightened her understanding.

Casilda returned to the palace; and taking meats and gold, went back towards the dungeons, following the butterfly, which had again presented itself in her path.

The gold was to soften the gaolers, and the meats were to nourish the captives. With the gold and meats hidden in the fold of her robe, she proceeded on her way, when suddenly, at the turn of an alley of rose-bushes, she was met by her father, who also had come out into the garden, there to dissipate his melancholy.

"What has brought thee here so early, light of mine eyes?" inquired the Moor of his daughter.

The princess blushed as red as the roses which at her side trembled in the morning breezes, and at length replied:

"I came to gaze upon these flowers, to hear the warbling of the birds, to see the sun reflected in these fountains, and to breathe the perfumed air."

"And what carriest thou wrapped in thy robe?"

In the depth of her heart Casilda called upon the immortal Mother of the Christians, but answered not her father.

Then Almenon, noting the hesitation of his daughter, plucked at the robe of the child, and a shower of roses fell from it upon the ground.

III.

PALE was the child—pale as the lilies in the garden of the Moorish king, her father.

The story relates that there remained scarcely any blood in the veins of Casilda; for every day, thrown out in streams, it reddened the string of snowy pearls which shone between the lips of the princess.

Pale was the child, and the Moorish king was dying with grief at the sight of his dying daughter.

The science of the physicians of Toledo failed to restore health to the princess; and then Almenon called to his court the most famous doctors of Seville and Cordova.

But the science of the latter was equally as powerless as that of the former.

"My kingdom and my treasures will I give to him who saves my daughter!" exclaimed the poor Moor, on seeing Casilda ready to yield her last sigh.

But no one succeeded in gaining his kingdom and his treasures; for the blood continued thrown out in streams, to redden the string of

snowy pearls which shone between the lips of the princess.

"My daughter is dying!" wrote the King of Toledo to the King of Castile: "If there be in your kingdom any one who can save her, let him come to my court, and I will give him my kingdom, my treasures, and even my daughter herself."

Through the kingdoms of Castile and Leon went forth criers, announcing that the Moorish King of Toledo offered to any one who could restore the health of his daughter, his kingdom and his treasures, and even her whose salvation he longed for. And it is related that a physician from Judea presented himself to the King of Castile, offering to bring back health to the Moorish princess.

And such was the wisdom of the words of the man, and such the faith and goodness which shone in his countenance, that the King of Castile hesitated not a moment in giving him letters, assuring Almenon that with them he sent him one who would save the Princess Casilda.

Hardly had the physician from Judea touched the forehead of the child when the blood ceased to flow, and the color of the rose began again to appear on the pale cheeks of the patient.

"Take my kingdom!" exclaimed Almenon, overcome with joy, and weeping with gratitude.

"My kingdom is not of this world," replied the physician from Judea.

"Take my greatest treasure!" answered the King of Toledo, pointing to his daughter.

And making a sign of acceptance, the physician extended his hand to Casilda, and said:

"Away from here; there are purifying waters which must complete the cure of the Mohammedan maiden."

And the next day the Princess Casilda trod upon Christian ground, still accompanied by the physician from Judea.

Casilda and the physician from Judea travelled and travelled through the land of the Christians, until at last they stopped on the bank of a blue-watered lake. The physician took a little water in the hollow of his hand, and pouring it upon the forehead of the princess, he exclaimed:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I baptize thee."

And the princess felt an unspeakable happiness, like to what, in her childhood, the Christian slave had told her the blessed experience in Paradise.

And her knees bent, and her eyes fixed themselves on the blue vault of heaven above, and about her resounded most sweet hosannas, which caused her to turn her gaze around.

The physician from Judea was no longer at her side, but surrounded by brilliant splendors, he was rising towards the blue vault of heaven.

"Who art thou, Lord; who art thou?" exclaimed the princess, astonished and enlightened.

"I am thy spouse; I am He who gave health to the daughter of Jairus, who suffered the same evil as thou sufferest. I am He who said: Whosoever leaveth house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, in my name, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess eternal life!"

On the banks of the lake, at present called after St. Vincent, there is a poor hermitage, where lived alone the daughter of the Moorish King of Toledo, and who is now called St. Casilda

RABELAIS.

Rabelais, the celebrated curé, wit, and author, was born at Chinon, Touraine, France, in 1483. In his youth he gave prognostications of rare abilities, and of his future celebrity. His acquirements were astonishing for his age, and far exceeded those of his contemporaries. In languages, he knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, Italian, German, and spoke French, his native language, most fluently. He was equally accomplished in the sciences.

These were no easy attainments, and must have required great talents and studious and laborious application on the part of their possessor, when we consider the comparative difficulty in acquiring learning at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, with the facilities for doing so in the nineteenth century.

Rabelais was of a most restless nature, which is proved by the various professions which his great abilities enabled him to follow. The first impulse of his mind with regard to the choice of a state of life, led him to adopt the habit of the Franciscan Order, and subsequently that of the Benedictine; but the strictness of the life was too much for him, and being the son of an apothecary it was natural that he should feel a strong drawing to the medical profession. On quitting the monastic life he repaired to the University of Montpellier in order to pursue the study of physic, and took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and when the professorship of medicine became vacant in it, his proficiency in the science, and his superior knowledge of almost every subject, procured his elevation to the distinguished chair.

During the time of his professorship at Montpellier, the Chancellor Duprat deprived the University of its privileges. At a council of the professors and other notable personages, Rabelais was deputed to wait on the minister for a reversal of the decree. His extensive influence, together with the masterly adroitness of his reasoning, prevailed over the chancellor's mind, and the University recovered its former rights.

Eminence in his profession acquired for him intimacy with the leading personages of his age, and when the celebrated Cardinal John du Bellay, Archbishop of Paris, went to the court of Rome as French ambassador, he appointed Rabelais to accompany him in his suite as physician. Althongh a distinguished doctor of medicine, Rabelais, nevertheless, had a bias to the religious state, as on a second journey to Rome, in 1536, he obtained a brief qualifying him to hold ecclesiastical benefices. When he returned to Paris he was appointed curé of Moudon, which office he discharged till his death in 1553.

We have now witnessed Rabelais in the threefold capacity of monk, doctor, and parish priest; but if one epithet is more applicable to him than another, it is that of wit. To be convinced of this it is sufficient to read his works. He was a keen satirist, and the most exalted contemporaries did not escape his sarcasm.

A remarkable instance of Rabelais's inventive genius is related. On a certain occasion he was a long distance from Paris, and without the means of paying his fare thither. The wit, thus perplexed set about thinking what plan he should form to get out of his difficulty. His usual ingenuity did not fail him. Having gathered some brickdust he distributed it amongst some pa-

pers and wrote upon the first: Poison for Monsieur, the King's eldest brother; on the second, Poison for the Dauphin; on the third, Poison for the King. He then placed his papers on an adjacent estate, in such a way as to be seen by the landlord, whom he knew to be a faithful subject and firm adherent of the reigning dynasty.

His plan was quite successful. The landlord soon discovered the powders, and having detained Rabelais as the author of the plot, sent immediate information of the occurrence to the Secretary of State. The news of a foul design against the Royal Family was well calculated to cause alarm at the seat of government, and ample means were provided at the King's expense to bring without delay the author of so grave a crime to Paris for trial. When the offender appeared in court he was known to be Rabelais. the celebrated wit. His powders after being examined were found to be of a harmless property, and Rabelais's plot was only laughed at as a clever joke.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS; or, Moral and Religious Truths reflected in the Universe. By F. X. Weninger, D.D., of the Society of Jesus. New York: P. O'Shea. 1873.

It seems almost strange that one who, like Father Weninger, has spent his days in missionary life, among our forest wilds, the rude collection of frontier homesteads dignified by the name of towns, or among the haunts of vice, the dens of affliction, or the miscellaneous and penitent crowds of our stately temples, should suddenly convert himself, if we may use the expression, into a parlor-preacher, by producing the fruits of his scholastic vigils and religious meditations in a dainty, delicate volume, suitable for the drawing-room table, the elegant boudoir, or the stately library. Another proof of the power of one who devotes himself to God's service, of making himself "all to all to gain all to Christ." This is not a book to be read through at a sitting; it must be taken up in an hour of meditative leisure, when the heart, through the influence of grateful joy, pressing affliction, or disquieting trial, is peculiarly open to a poetical, devotional influence; or in one of those dreamy moments when we lie stretched beneath the summer trees, and listen with tender mood to the myriad echoes of nature's accents, as she speaks to us not *as* but *of* a divinity. Some one has beautifully said: "To one who loves God all things work together for good." This is the keynote that this good Jesuit has touched in the composition of this prosaic pean. He takes nature in her thousand aspects; he takes life in its varied scenes; he takes art, science, and literature in their multiform uses; he takes man in his countless moods and conditions; he takes the Church militant, suffering and triumphant: he divides each into their various classes and divisions, and draws from all the lesson which they were created to teach, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam.* God in all things, all things for God; thus leading us to the highest height of contemplation,—the Godhead in itself and its relations with its creatures. Nor does the mind weary of the contemplative flight, for the author gently leaves us in that seat of infinite sweetness and repose, the very centre of the Deity, the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In this beautiful collection of charming aphorisms, the devotee may find food for spiritual meditation, the worldling winning thoughts for reflective moments, the laborer or professional man ennobling ideas regarding the theory and practice of his occupation, the scientist, the musician, and the poet inspiration, the author or lecturer exquisite passages to illustrate his subject or gracefully turn a period. Every rank, sex, and condition of life may drink of this fountain of sentiment, and draw waters of joy therefrom.

We have called this a dainty, delicate volume. If we ranked ourselves among that class of library-makers who value the wealth of their book-shelves by the

display of handsome bindings, we would say that the work deserves this title as much from the beauty of the exterior as from the value of its contents. The richly-decorated cover, the illuminated title-page, and the heavily-tinted paper do credit to Mr. O'Shea's taste and judgment. We think, however, that the wood-etchings at the end of each section rather detract from the general effect of the volume; their utility, serving to illustrate the subject of the various headings, is more apparent than their beauty.

IRELAND'S CASE STATED, IN REPLY TO MR. FROUDE. By Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P. New York: P. M. Haverty. 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham.

This is a neat duodecimo volume, containing the five lectures delivered in New York by Father Tom Burke, in reply to Mr. Froude. Of the literary merit of these discourses we need scarcely speak; of that the public is the best judge, as all of them have appeared in the public journals. Of their historical value there can be no question, for although Father Burke had neither much time nor many resources at hand in the compilation of his replies, yet his almost innate knowledge of his country's history was an ample set off to "the latest English historian's" elaborate preparation. But we confess we were astonished at the promptitude with which the great Dominican proved also his knowledge of American history, and especially in his command of rare historical documents in refuting the malicious falsehood uttered by Mr. Froude against the Irish people when he charged them, in his lecture on "Grattan and the Volunteers," with not only a lack of sympathy but a positive unfriendliness towards the struggling American colonists of the Revolution. Such a state of things would have been so unnatural that the statement of its existence bears "lie" on its very face. But Father Burke does not content himself by indulging in the ungentlemanly course of branding his opponent as untruthful, yet he proves him such in the highest style of "Greek *vs.* Greek." We beg pardon of the classical gentleman who represents Mr. Froude; never was comparison more odious or less justifiable. We have dwelt particularly on this point, because there is no part of Mr. Froude's historical gymnastics for which we have less charity.

He came among us ostensibly to state the case of England *vs.* Ireland, a subject in which Americans, sympathies aside, had no *personal* interest whatever beyond instructive amusement for an idle hour. But he went out of his way in this fifth lecture to make side statements, the motives of which, if not palpably sinister, were so wickedly injudicious as to entitle him to the claim of being a silent partner in the firm of Harper Brothers; and then stole away homeward, leaving his poisoned Parthian arrow to fester in the American breast. Of the argumentative ability displayed in Father Burke's replies we need no better proof than the cordial, generous, and remarkably unbiassed approbation with which they have been received by the secular press and Protestant portion of the American community. We deem it hardly necessary to suggest to the public the advisability of responding to Mr. Haverty's endeavor to furnish these lectures in the permanent form of a valuable book.

THE MONEY GOD; or, The Empire and the Papacy. By M. A. Quinton, author of Aurelia, or the Jews of Capena Gate. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham.

The admirers of Quinton's *Aurelia* will be gratified at learning of the appearance of another work, with the above telling title, from the pen of this distinguished French Advocate. *Aurelia* was given to the public, crowned, if we remember rightly, with the approbation of the French Academy, and bearing the most flattering indorsement of Mgr. Dupanloup, the immortal bishop of Orleans. It was a faithful picture of Rome in the very inception of Christianity, when Christian, Jew, and Pagan were strangely commingled in the then capital city of the world. THE MONEY GOD takes us further on, and shows us the state of the civilized world, at a period on which Catholic writers seem to have a peculiar predilection for lingering, the third century, when the Church, like a young giant breaking its swathing-bands, and glorying in its youthful, immortal, and heaven-infused strength, commenced to grapple in deadly conflict, for the name of Jesus Christ, with the old heathenism of the classic ages.

M. Quinton brings to the execution of this second novel all the wealth of classic and Christian lore, all the richness of imagination, and all the massive grandeur of style with which *Aurelia* has made his name synonymous. Perhaps the taste of all of us for this class of literature has been spoiled by the glorious *Fabiola* of Cardinal Wiseman, which while it gave us an appetite for more books of the same kind, made of that appetite a craving void, which no subsequent rival authors —and their name is ambitious legion—

however splendid and suitable their talents, have ever been able to satisfy. Still we must not, on that account, underrate the merits of other similar productions, and particularly of a work which bears the impress of so much profound learning, and such grace of compilation as this romance of the dying Roman Empire and the rising Roman Papacy.

Kelly, Piet & Co. seem to studiously avoid all possible objections as to style of publication. All the works issued from their house, be the contents what they may—and they are seldom, if ever, anything but what they ought to be—always show a fair and fitting exterior, and in many cases, as in the present instance, their face alone might prove their fortune.

THE THREE ELIZABETHS. By the authoress of Life in the Cloister, Florence O'Neil. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1873.

This is a charming little book, from a well-known and graceful pen. It consists of three short stories, each exemplifying the beauty of female holiness, by selecting a prominent character from ecclesiastical history, and making her the central figure of a fictitious narrative which combines most of the beautiful legends connected with the heroine, who happens in each instance to bear the name of Elizabeth. The first to claim attention is St. Elizabeth, mother of St. John the Baptist, and the period at which she is introduced is during the time of our Lady's visitation to Hebron. The whole sketch is beautifully written, and embodies some graphic descriptions of ancient Jewish character, life, and scenery. It is seldom that we meet in legendary literature with a more charming passage than that in which the Infant Jesus presses the wounded bird to his breast, and forthwith it flies away healed.

The second type of loveliness presented to the reader, is that model of womanly patience and charity, St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal. Any one ignorant of her touching history has only to glance at the beautiful office, compiled by Pope Urban VIII, for her festival, to see how she has been honored by the Church. The supernatural patience with which she bore the brutalities and infidelities of her royal husband—in all things save his domestic relations a noble monarch—the marvellous charity which induced her to provide for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his illegitimate children, and that angelic sweetness of disposition, springing from her charity, which not only won over to her love her erring spouse and all her personal enemies, but also merited for her the rare faculty—the *Domare cordis impetus*, as it is styled in the hymn for her feast—of reconciling those who were at variance, particularly from family feuds, political dissensions, and civil wars, has caused her to be compared to a rainbow mid the storm. All these traits of her character are fully developed in this story of the Lily of Portugal, and the authoress has been careful not to omit the well-known Legend of the Queen's Page, which forms so charming an episode in Elizabeth's life.

The subject of the third sketch is the "Dear St. Elizabeth" of Hungary, aunt of Elizabeth of Portugal. We think this the poorest of the three tales, probably because Count Montalembert's devoted pen has rendered the saintly duchess so famous and so generally beloved that the authoress, Miss Stewart, seems to have been fearful of wearying the public by a too fulsome repetition of the events of her life. Certain it is, that where there was, we might almost say, such a surplus of exquisite material, there is a remarkable dearth of legendary detail. Still the story is very well told, and fastidious, indeed, must be the taste of the reader who can close this book, after a complete perusal, without a sense of entire satisfaction. The style of publication is neat, we might even say handsome.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, for 1873. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

Sadlier's "Almanac" with its collection of valuable church information, has appeared.

By reference to the statistics we notice with satisfaction a great increase in the number of priests and churches in the United States during the past year.

We cannot say that the Almanac is as full as we would desire, or that it is as free from errors as a work of this kind should be; but we can say, in justice, that the responsibility for these defects does not rest entirely with the conductors. It is their duty to use every reasonable effort to make the work as complete and accurate as possible, but at the same time it must be remembered that they cannot *compel* the co-operation of those whose assistance is indispensable.

We have referred to this matter before, and we need only add now that every "omission" or "error" discovered in the present edition shows the necessity of a more general co-operation with the publishers, on the part of those whose interest it is to have this work accurate.